

# SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 17, No. 1. The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Proprietors.  
Office—25 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, DEC. 26, 1903.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 839  
{ Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } {

## Things in General

THE utter contempt in which local corporations controlling great franchises hold the city of Toronto has been well exemplified by both the Bell Telephone and the Toronto Railway Companies. The telephone service got so preposterously bad that every subscriber became a consistent and chronic kicker. Such an avalanche of complaint swept down upon the Telephone Company that the manager was forced to explain that new switchboards were being introduced and that the people "must bear with" the company until the improvements were completed. When questioned as to why these new switchboards had not been long ago introduced and perfected, the manager admitted that the city had opposed so many of the schemes of the company that the delays had been incidental to waiting for a re-arrangement of relations with the city. Put briefly, the Telephone Company had tried to bully the city in vain, and in reprisal, if not out of financial meanness, let months and years elapse before doing what they long ago should have done to properly earn the money paid to them by subscribers. The Telephone Company is being remembered for this, and when the citizens find an opportunity to give the Telephone Company a shaking up the chance won't be missed.

Now it is the Street Railway Company which, through its president, asks the citizens to endure a little longer the shortage of cars, the failure of power, and the general evidence of contempt for the public which President Mackenzie et al. have so freely and frequently manifested. Led by the "Globe," the press has made a fierce and much-needed onslaught upon Mr. Mackenzie and his company, and now we are promised by the president new boilers and greater power and all that sort of thing, "within a few days," though Mr. Keating, the chief operative push of the concern, is careful to extend the dates over a few weeks. Why should we "bear with" the company's deficiencies? The citizen who gets on a car and is lacking the price of a ride is not borne with; he is put off. The company does not "bear with" us at all, but we everlastingly have to put up with a service which of late has been positively rotten. Why did the company wait to put in new machinery until at the stormy and festive period of the year obstacles were most numerous and traffic most excessive? Are they to put in plant or leave it out, to put on cars or leave them off, at their own sweet will? Is it enough to put something in the nature of a sufficiency of cars on the lines leading to the residential districts, while forcing west-enders and east-enders to wait or walk? The lines leading to the homes of those who would be influential kickers are best served with cars. The workers of the west end who must ride because they live at such a distance and are weary after their work, are regularly made to wait as if they had no rights and were incapable of either getting angry or catching cold.

Toronto is tired of the perpetual bluff which is put up by corporations who have been entrusted with franchises necessary to the public good. Why should anybody have brass enough to explain that they had not put in the necessary machinery until months and years after such machinery was imperatively demanded by their contracts? It is no explanation at all; it is an insult in the shape of an apology. Who dares try to explain to the policeman that he will clean the snow off his sidewalk next June, or that he has allowed the ice to accumulate on the snow to back up because he has mislaid his shovel or forgot to buy one last year? The unblushing impudence of these franchise holders and corporations is becoming unendurable. They know that the people cannot weak their vengeance on the telephone lines or the street railway tracks, without enormous inconveniences and loss to themselves, but if the courts are slow in deciding important questions of public rights versus corporation effrontery, it will be well for some organization to back up the City Engineer in taking the most drastic measures which come within the limits of the law. The Railway Company strings wires and puts out feeders, presumably to borrow power, without saying to the city authorities "good evening" or "go to the devil"; it would be exceedingly appropriate and pleasant to the people of this city if the authorities would use the same sudden and imperative methods in doing business with the company.

CHICAGO is again in a state of something approaching to chaos. Following the strike of the street car men comes that of the Livery Drivers' Union, the Undertakers' Association, and the sympathetic quitting of work by many teamsters and other drivers. Scenes of disorder impossible to parallel in the history of strikes have taken place. Funerals have been attacked by union pickets, and the presence of a corpse and hearse driven by a non-union driver has not prevented shocking affairs in which coffins have been handled almost as if they were scavengers' boxes. So terrorized have the people of Chicago become that burials are not being attempted where bodies can be stored in vaults or secreted in undertakers' shops. Even when death has been caused by a contagious disease the strikers refuse to permit the dead to be taken in peace to be buried, and public health has not only been damaged but is more seriously threatened. The strikers scan the death notices, according to Chicago reports, and watch the houses to which affliction has come in order to prevent the Undertakers' or Livery Owners' Associations from furnishing the conveyances necessary to a funeral. A private ambulance bearing a dying man from the North-Western station to a hospital on the south side was bombarded by union pickets, who threw frozen snowballs at the driver and nearly blinded him, while the frightened horses were only kept from running away by something approaching a miracle. Drivers of private carriages have been seriously beaten by union men. It is only by police protection somewhat tardily afforded that hacks or hearses have made the few trips which have been noticeable. But the Livery Owners' and Undertakers' Associations, even with police protection, will not send out expensive carriages to be smashed by the stones thrown by the strikers, whose only excuse for their disgraceful behavior is that their wages have not been increased from twelve to fourteen dollars a week. Surely this sort of thing will effect its own cure, for public opinion will not long tolerate, even in Chicago, riots about the coffins of the dead—unless carried in hearses with the union label—and over the graves of those who are about to be buried. If the men think their wages are insufficient let them go into some other business rather than try to add to their gains by endangering the lives of the living and making doubly painful the task of those who have to bury their dead. Next thing we may expect to hear is that no corpse will be allowed preparation for burial, carried to the cemetery, or covered with cloths, unless it wears the union label!

IT looks as if Japan and Russia were to have a fight. The Japs are apparently convinced that Russia is jollying them and playing for time, and popular sentiment is forcing the Japanese Government to take action. Russia, on the other hand, is nagging Japan into a declaration of war with an idea that the sympathy of the Powers will be lost to those making the first belligerent demonstration. If Japan intends to fight the sooner the scrap begins the better, for the little yellow fellows are ready and have shown themselves well able to keep up their end. Great Britain and the United States are the natural allies of Japan, and it looks very much as if Russia would be left alone to either permanently annex Manchuria and Korea or to be beaten back. The prospect of a war is not a pleasant vision, but Japan and China, who will probably be the chief belligerents in the battles with Russia, have millions of population that they can afford to lose and still have their countries well peopled. If Russia has not been mangled she is possessed of millions of soldiers and peasants who would be much happier dead. This being the case, a carnival of killing carried on so far away from Anglo-Saxon centers will not be nearly as distressing as if civilized people with white skins were engaged in butchering one another.

GRAT interest is being manifested in the result of the election in North Renfrew. Probably most of this interest is being manifested outside of a riding where ninety or ninety-five per cent. of those who go to vote hardly understand that there is anything doing beyond the mere elec-

tion of a representative in the Legislature. The other five or ten per cent. will perhaps find their chief interest in making themselves solid with their party in the hope of getting an office or freezing on to some of the five-dollar bills which are expected to be floating around. In contests such as this the outsider looks for great results either one way or the other, while the insider will do about as he has been in the habit of doing. It is hard guessing how the kite will fly, but it is fairly safe to predict that the majority will run into the hundreds no matter which side wins.

AUSTRALIA seems to be the political paradise of the Labor Unions and the Ladies. In the past the Labor party had been dominant, but the new Premier did not seem inclined to bend his neck as meekly as did his predecessors. The first Federal Parliament of the Commonwealth was so divided by provincial jealousies that the Labor element, which recognized no geographical boundaries, had pretty much its own way. So acute were the factional jealousies that it was impossible to settle upon a capital generally acceptable, and that matter was left over for the decision of the new House. The general question upon which the parties divided was a fiscal one, the Protectionists and the Free Traders being almost evenly balanced. The Labor party was, and probably is, determined to protect itself to the utmost without any generous regard to any other interests. It had been hoped that the inviting programme of Mr. Chamberlain and the more settled condition of public opinion would have given to one of the old parties a stability greatly needed and sufficient strength to carry on the Government. The result of the election which took place last week has been a disappointment to everyone except the Labor element, and unless the two old parties join together the ultra democratic representatives in both the Assembly and the Senate will be able to seize power by the help of a few Protectionists or Free

turned and caused the woman he had so badly treated to be arrested, together with her second husband, both of them being thrown into jail without a preliminary trial, if the facts are correctly reported. Certainly this is using the law against bigamy with a harshness never calculated by its makers, and unexpected by the great majority, who believe that a husband or wife from whom no tidings has been heard for seven years is legally dead. Where are the politics in this?

A man named Mitchell has just been released from Kingston penitentiary, where he had been incarcerated for the past eight months, serving a seven-year term for criminal assault. He was convicted on the unsupported testimony of the woman in the case, who recently demonstrated most undeniably the looseness of her character by giving birth to a black child. The facts were laid before the Minister of Justice, Mitchell was immediately released. The Minister of Justice is a politician, and the "World" should have him slated!

These two incidents, both of recent date, indicate the difficulty of punishing the bad and protecting the innocent. Regardless, however, of all the difficulties involved in the proper administration of the law, some of our local dailies need but the slightest excuse to attack the judiciary if by any accident some faint of politics creeps into the case. Last Saturday the "World" worked itself into a state of frenzy over the fate of Mrs. Callaghan, the wife of the man sent down for sixty days for stealing the price of a piano from his employer. Her poverty was depicted, the shame she and her children felt hysterically pictured, and the whole story made to read like a brutal onslaught made by a heartless Government upon an innocent family in order to neutralize the effect—there really was no effect—of the affidavit that Callaghan had gratuitously made, apparently for the purpose of extorting money or covering up his failure to make good the sum he had taken. The article winds up with the enquiry, "Was Callaghan's crime that of theft or of daring to publish the affidavit criticizing

was nominated, and split some more of his tears there! What an unscrupulous mischief-maker the beggar is, to be sure.

NO interest seems to be manifested by the city papers in the local option fight which is waxing warm at Toronto Junction. If it were generally known that the present efforts of our prohibition friends in the neighborhood of this city were but a part of a general plan of campaign, including the submission of a prohibitory by-law in Toronto, more attention would be paid to the preliminary skirmishes. Such a campaign, I am credibly informed, is being begun, and those in favor of it as well as those opposed to it might very well express an opinion in order to prevent, on one hand, a small band of enthusiasts creating an unnecessary election turmoil, or on the other hand those guided solely by interest preventing a proper declaration on the part of the electors. Undoubtedly the preponderating vote lies between these two extremes, and is likely to be more sensible and unbiased than either. This large body of electors neither lies awake nights trying to think out a plan to prevent the sale of intoxicants nor to make money out of retaining or increasing the liquor business. They certainly have a right to remain undisturbed, as the majority of them are conscious that everything has been done to restrict as far as is possible the traffic in intoxicants. There is no more chance of a local option law being passed in Toronto than there is of obtaining a majority of the citizens to declare against the continuance of Sunday cars, and the agitators who are preparing for a local option campaign have consequently as little excuse for unnecessarily disturbing public quiet as the Lord's Day Alliance would have for calling the city people out to vote whether or not they should be forced to go afoot on Sunday.

Necessarily the local option law has serious limitations and can in no sense be compared in its efficiency with the Act which was submitted to a provincial plebiscite. At Toronto Junction, supposing the local option law should be endorsed, there is a wholesale liquor store which would continue to do business. If the taverns were closed, two or three or half a dozen men could club together and buy a case of whiskey or a dozen of beer, divide the stuff, and take the liquor home with them. The chances are that the majority of those accustomed to the use of stimulants would do this sort of thing, and would consequently consume much more than had been their ordinary habit. Nothing could prevent the city breweries from sending their wagons to deliver wet goods in the town, and a considerable number of bar-rooms not far from the Junction would have their patronage not only doubled, but quadrupled. Moreover, the Junction is a market town, and if retail liquor selling were stopped and the bars closed the hotels would have to double their prices for food and lodging or go out of business. The consequent damage to the market and business generally would be very great without any corresponding show of reform. Illicit selling would certainly spring up and the opportunities to procure liquor would be perhaps increased rather than diminished, while the temptation of weak men to take on a "load" when opportunity offered would doubtless lead to an increase of crime.

It is said that the by-law was submitted to by a town council which did not itself believe either welcome or workable, but in obedience to which appeared to be backed up by a considerable vote. In York Township the same motive is inspired the submission of the by-law, and all opportunities to make it useless are presented.

any other country, and every year the drinking habit falls into greater disrepute and drunkenness becomes more disgraceful. If our temperance friends would only pursue those quiet and sensible measures which have so far succeeded in accomplishing so much good, they would not set communities by the ears, as is done when a vote is insisted upon, which at best can do no more than prove that the man with a hard thirst will get what he desires in spite of by-laws. The greatest good can be done by keeping alive that public opinion which, with greater and greater force, opposes the traffic in and the consumption of hard drinks. The failure of each locality to obtain any benefit from a local option law simply intensifies the belief of the majority, standing between the two extremes, that any measures more repressive than those which are already in existence would do harm rather than good to the cause of temperance. In rural communities remote from large centers of population, the abolition of bar-rooms would mean the prevention of some drinking and the doing away with much temptation, but in a railroad town like the Junction which is a suburb of a large city and has many neighboring taverns and almost unlimited opportunities for the obtaining of liquor, it seems to me that the submission of a local option law is absolutely an absurdity.

A CIRCULAR from J. Howard Hunter, registrar of loan corporations, has been sent to the newspapers notifying them of the cancellation of the charter of the People's Loan and Savings Company. The charter of this company, which had practically expired, appears to have been utilized by a couple of the co-operative home-building associations, who endeavored to get in out of the rain under cover of a new name. The Government has lately been endeavoring to suppress these associations which charge people five dollars to join and two dollars and a half per month with a promise of eventually providing them with a home. The business has furnished large profits for those engaged in promoting it, but few homes, it is said, have been turned over to the subscribers. The province has been altogether too slow in dealing with these financial fakirs. It is said about 2,300 people had put money into the two building concerns which under the new name have been ploughed under. Perhaps thirty or forty per cent. of the investments will be realized, but the hoped-for home won't be. It is all a miserable, sickening evidence of how easily people can be duped, but only those who can realize the disappointment, if not despair, of those who have been looking forward to having a "wee bit house of their own" can properly appreciate the baseness and conscienceless conduct of men who, to make money for themselves, bow down the heads and hearts of the poor with burdens likely to make them shrink from all future attempts at saving up for a rainy day.

EVEN if every calendar were put out of existence, no one could fail to recognize the nearness of Christmas. It is one of those things which no one in a Christian country is permitted to forget. Those who expect Christmas presents and those who feel that they should give them are perhaps no more keenly aware of the season than those who can neither give nor hope to get a share of what is going. As doubtless the pleasure of giving is greater than that of receiving, so the pain of being unable to give to loved ones is greater than the disappointment of those whose poverty has led them to expect nothing. The joys and jollities of the season are not unmixt, but Canada this year is a land of unusual plenty and the lack of material things should bring grief to but few. Dearth and plenty, however, are alike to those who feel an absence of joy or who are chilled by discontent and disappointment. The best part of the Christmas festivities are family reunions, the meeting of old friends, and the thawing out which is insisted upon at least once a year. Yet even in these events there is the saddening touch of Time, for those who meet discover the changes which absence and separation have brought about. How little even those of a family reunion have in common! How their individual interests have become distinct if not opposed! Nevertheless, Christmas is an institution which even the most hardened cynic would be loath to rail against, for if it becomes to a certain extent meaningless except as to the event it commemorates, it is such a bubbling source of joy, such a wellspring of happiness to youth, that all the civilized world is softened and sweetened by its influence. So here's to you all a Merry, Merry Christmas, and may Santa Claus, without exception, be generous to you and yours!

NOTHING of a local nature has been more artistically presented than "Picturesque Trinity" (Morang & Co.), the letterpress of which is by Rev. C. B. Kenrich, M.A., with an introduction by E. R. Osler, M.P. The impulse of the



IN THE HANDS OF ST. NICK.  
The most touching event of the Christmas season.

Traders. It is evident that the female voters under the influence of the Labor party all turned out and deposited their ballots, while probably the women belonging to the more leisurely classes did not use their opportunities. Adult suffrage in its widest sense prevailed; every person twenty-one years of age, without distinction of sex, married or single, who had lived in Australia for six months continuously, was entitled to the franchise. Following is the estimated distribution of voters:

State.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Victoria.....	289,280	296,824	586,104
New South Wales.....	303,755	286,032	589,787
South Australia.....	84,715	80,473	165,188
Queensland.....	124,091	97,409	221,500
Tasmania.....	42,403	37,993	80,396
Western Australia.....	72,843	42,550	115,393

Totals..... 917,687 641,281 1,558,968  
It will be seen that in the State of Victoria the number of women voters exceeds that of men voters by nearly 8,000. Taking Australia as a whole, out of every five voters two are women, and thus women have now a larger and more direct share in public affairs of the Commonwealth than in those of any other civilized State. The result has upset all calculations, though the best newspapers in Australia were very dubious of the effect of the new franchise, which has certainly given a totally new complexion to Australian politics. The Labor element, which is now in control, and is strongly anti-Imperialist in its tendencies, strenuously objected to contributions to the Imperial defence fund and to the sending of men to South Africa. The outcome is watched with the greatest possible interest, for if the Labor leaders give full rein to their republican sympathies, refuse to listen to the Chamberlain propositions, and continue to carry matters with a high hand, there will be serious trouble.

In the two Houses the parties stand as follows: In the Senate there are six supporters of the Ministry, while the Opposition has thirteen members, and the Labor party seventeen. In the House the Ministry has twenty-seven supporters, the Opposition twenty-six and the Labor party twenty-nine. This means that Premier Deakin is hopelessly beaten, unless he can effect a coalition with his Free Trade opponents. The outcome will be watched in Canada with a greater interest than has ever been heretofore taken in Australian politics, for Labor dominance means the death-knell of a preference for Canadian goods as well as a set-back for the supporters of Chamberlain's proposition.

NO matter how carefully laws are made, they are sometimes the means of inflicting something which appears like hardship, if not brutality. An Ottawa despatch tells of a woman whose husband deserted her eighteen years ago. For twelve years she waited for his return, and then married again. Six years after her second marriage her husband re-

turned and caused the woman he had so badly treated to be arrested, together with her second husband, both of them being thrown into jail without a preliminary trial, if the facts are correctly reported. Certainly this is using the law against bigamy with a harshness never calculated by its makers, and unexpected by the great majority, who believe that a husband or wife from whom no tidings has been heard for seven years is legally dead. Where are the politics in this?

A man named Mitchell has just been released from Kingston penitentiary, where he had been incarcerated for the past eight months, serving a seven-year term for criminal assault. He was convicted on the unsupported testimony of the woman in the case, who recently demonstrated most undeniably the looseness of her character by giving birth to a black child. The facts were laid before the Minister of Justice, Mitchell was immediately released. The Minister of Justice is a politician, and the "World" should have him slated!







# Good Linen Handkerchiefs FOR Christmas Gifts

**LADIES'.**  
Real Lace Trimmed, \$1.25 to \$12.00 each.  
Finest Linen, Hand Embroidered, \$1.25 to \$7.00 each.  
Embroidered Lawn and Linen, 12 1/2 c. to \$1.75 each.  
Hemstitched Linen, \$1.25 to \$6.00 dozen.  
Box of 1/2 doz. Hemstitched, Initialed, Linen, for \$1.75.

**GENTLEMEN'S**  
Hemstitched Linen, \$2.25 to \$6.00 doz.  
Box of 1/2 doz. Initialed Linen, for \$2.50.  
Hemmed Linen, \$1.75 to \$4.00 doz.  
Silk, Hemstitched, 40c. to \$1.50 each.

**JOHN CATTO & SON**  
King Street—opposite the Post-Office.  
TORONTO.  
Established 1864.

## A Suggestion for Gift-Givers...

Nothing is more appropriate or exquisite for a lady than a bottle of our perfume.

We have the finest importations ranging in price all the way from 25c. to \$25.00 a bottle.

See our stock of guaranteed Ebony Goods.

## The Hooper Co., Limited.

Prescription Specialists, Perfumers, etc.  
43 KING ST. WEST 467 BLOOR ST. WEST

**PERFUMES**  
W. H. LEE  
King Edward Drug Store  
Open all night  
S.....  
SOMETHING NEW  
Perfumed flannel is used instead of Sachet Powder.

**THOMAS' English Chop House**  
30 KING ST. WEST  
Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining room open on Sundays.



In the whole range of Christmas shopping nothing quite equals Furs for gifts. With an old-fashioned winter ahead everybody will welcome them—for comfort as well as style.

Let that thought stick! We'll get your trade if you plan for Furs and take the trouble to make comparisons. We can hardly expect it if you start out after cheap jewelry.

This is the greatest Fur season we've had for years. We have all the good kinds.

Mink Sets (Scarf and Muff) special, \$45.00.  
Alaska Sable Sets (Scarf and Muff) \$25.00.  
Red Fox Sets (Scarf and Muff) \$15.00.  
Western Sable Sets (Scarf and Muff) \$15.00.

**Fairweather**  
84-86 Yonge Street

## Social and Personal.

The faculty and students' At Home in honor of the founder, Hon. William McMaster, took place at McMaster College on Friday evening of last week, beginning with a reception from 8 to 9 in Castle Memorial Hall. The guests were received on behalf of the faculty by Chancellor Wallace and Mrs. S. M. McMaster, widow of the founder, and Mr. F. J. Scott, B.A., on behalf of the students. They were assisted by Professor and Mrs. McKay, Professor Farmer, Professor and Mrs. Clark, Professor and Mrs. McLean, Dr. Goodspeed, Professor and Mrs. Cohoe and Professor and Mrs. Cross. During the reception an orchestra was stationed on the platform and later on divided, one-half remaining and the other being placed in the corridor of the first floor. From 9.15 to 11.30 promenades were in order through the main corridors. An exhibition of X-rays was given in the physical laboratory, under the direction of Professor Wilson Smith, Professor Cohoe and Messrs. Mabey, Carpenter and Lailey. The guests much admired the students' rooms, which were specially decorated for the function. Refreshments were served in the dining hall, and all arrangements were in the hands of the wives of the members of the faculty and the women students of the university, who omitted nothing from the care and detail of the feast. The table was set with silver candelabra, candles, red shades, red ribbons, red carnations and holly in cheery Christmas fashion. In the corridors bunting and flags made a bright show, and in Castle Hall palms were massed on the platform, nothing else being required in a room naturally so simply beautiful. Professors McLean (chairman), Clark, McKay, Cohoe, Wilson Smith, and Messrs. F. J. Scott, B.A., A. Torrie, B.A., W. Quarrington, B.A., H. C. Feast, '04; F. C. Mabey, '04; Whitney Lailey, '04, and W. A. Cameron, '06, were the committee, and the following young ladies of the university assisted materially to make the At Home a success: Miss K. L. McLaurin, Miss J. T. Shields, Miss L. J. Layng, Miss M. E. Culver, '04; Miss L. Senior, Miss E. D. Hartley, Miss A. Barber, Miss A. Windor, '05; Miss W. Phillips, Miss G. Stone, Miss O. Harton, Miss E. Cutts, Miss L. M. McLean, Miss E. Burke, '06; Miss Wilkins, Miss A. Parker, Miss B. Shields, Miss C. Hitchin, Miss Foreman, Miss Healey, Miss Cameron, Miss P. Gonder, Miss Moule, '07. Among the hundreds of guests were, from Moulton College, Misses Elsie McLaurin, Pearl Manzie, Emma Kennedy, Florence Sharpe, Ethel Sharpe, Jessie Carrier, Ada Firstbrook, Ada Scott, Nook Jackson, Clara Guyatt, Laura Bullis, Retta Gordon, May Shaw and Mabel Smith. Space fails to enumerate the many prominent city people who were present.

Lady Galt some time ago disposed of the Galt homestead in Pembroke street to Mr. McMullen of the C.P.R., and is now charmingly settled (with her daughter) at 46 Gerrard street east, in the very nice house formerly occupied by Mrs. Heaven. Lady Galt is fairly strong this winter.

Another engagement, to be followed by a happy wedding in June, has been whispered to me, under promise of discreet reserve until permission comes to mention it.

Mrs. Paul Krell, who has been at Tarves (Aberdeen) with her father, Mr. Francis Thomson, is now in London, en route to Cairo for the winter.

Captain Arthur T. Kirkpatrick has not regained his health and strength since his illness from typhoid fever last season as his friends had hoped, and is ordered by his physician to Old Point Comfort for the winter. His devoted wife, who has been so faithful a nurse, will now take a rest from duty and Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn will give her time, her well-proved talent for cheering and comforting an invalid, and her ever-charming company to her step-son during his sojourn away from home. That her friends regret while they admire her warm-hearted devotion is only to be supposed, for her absence will leave a blank in many a bright gathering.

The Daughters of the Empire may be weary in well-doing without a whisper of reproach from anyone, after the week they have put in at their Christmas lunch and five o'clock tea enterprise. To say they have been enthusiastic, unwearied, cheery and tactful is to say much less than the truth. Day after day the bright, pretty waitresses, the sweet cordial chaperones and the jubilant treasurer have fairly coined money for their fund. Day after day people have crowded the quite too narrow quarters which have resounded with mirth and laughter. The contributions have been liberal and excellent, and the whole thing a vast success.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees are entertaining a very large family party for Christmas, their son, Mr. Will Hees and his wife and daughter, from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan and Baby Kathleen, Mr. and Mrs. Haas and their fine little family, and Messrs. Harry and Ralph Hees, all being here, I believe, for the first time at Noel.

Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick is home at Closeburn for the vacation from the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Mrs. Capon's delightful little musicale was a most artistic success on Saturday, quite a number of finished musicians contributing a wealth of good numbers and the few guests enjoying them greatly. The hostess wore an exquisite robe of violet panne, with deep, flowing undersleeves of white accordion chiffon, richly appliqued with white lace, in which she looked a perfect picture. In the dining-room a dainty and somewhat elaborate five o'clock tea was served, and altogether the guests who braved a wretched afternoon to get to the musicale felt themselves more than repaid by the brightness and elegance of the affair, which, like everything Mrs. Capon arranges, was "de luxe" in the extreme.

On Saturday evening L'Alliance Francaise enjoyed the capital presentation by some of its members of Labiche's comedy, mentioned last week. The play was light and bright and taking. Professor des Champs was as funny as ever, and the ladies covered themselves with applause. L'Alliance Francaise means al-

ways a coterie of bright and interesting folk, some of whom have demonstrated decided dramatic ability.

Mrs. Scanlon and her daughter, Mrs. William Lee, have sent out cards for a holiday tea on next Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Scanlon's residence, 80 Bloor west, from 5 to 7 o'clock.

A very sweet and popular debutante was presented in London on Monday night, when Mrs. Malcolm J. Kent gave a dance in the Masonic Temple for the debut of her only daughter.

Trinity men have announced the date of their annual conversation on January 26. This is the only "university" dance now on the winter programme, and has always been the most charming and interesting of the academic affairs in the city. The Varsity conversat no longer includes a dance, but other colleges, like the famous base regiment of old, "don't dawdle," at least the men's colleges do not.

Mrs. George Warren's tea was a very jolly one, and though no special debutante gave added interest, there was a sweet little "semi-ready" very busy looking after her mother's guests. Pretty Miss Birdie Warren, her sweet, fair face wreathed in cordial smiles, was here and there, welcoming the guests. Some of the much-burdened social favorites who rush from one tea to another, arriving pretty late at Mrs. Warren's, owing to a temporary standstill of the street cars about half-past five. There, the last of the guests stayed rather late, and even then were unwilling to go home.

Colonel and Mrs. J. C. MacDougall and their young sons are spending the holidays with Mrs. Hawke in Wellington street. Owing to recent family bereavement their Christmas has been a quiet one. The little collegians from "Highfield," Hamilton, are, however, enjoying themselves greatly.

Mr. Arthur Guise went down to New York last week to meet Lord Melgund, his Excellency's son and heir, who landed from the "Lucania" on Saturday. There are busy times at Rideau Hall these days, in preparation for the children's fancy dress ball, when characters weird and pretty from Carroll's delightful books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through a Looking-Glass," will be assumed by the wees.

There can be no doubt that the citizens of Toronto are quick to make use of a good thing when it is offered. The rapidity with which the owners of the better class of houses are adopting the electric light is an evidence of this. Its use is becoming so general that those who usually have the best that is to be had are realizing that if they want to be "in the swim" they must do away with obsolete methods and adopt the "electric only" idea. The reliable service furnished by the local electric light company justifies this, and when the cheapness of the light is considered it is small matter for wonder that it is being so generally adopted here.

## 1904 New Year Calendars

A few nice ones still left, at reduced prices

Order your New Year Calling Cards NOW!

**BAIN'S**  
96 YONGE ST.

As the mother rocks the cradle love transforms it to a kind of loom wherein her fond fancy weaves a bright colored future for her child. As the child grows, the wise mother feeds his mind with precepts of integrity and industry; his brain and body with ALL-NUTRITIVE FOODS in order that he may be strong for life's battles and find an honored place with men.

## Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit



is the Natural Food—the food whose each integral part has an exact counterpart in the human body—the food that builds the perfect whole because each contains the perfect food to perfect man. **SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT** is more porous than any other food—that means more digestible. It's quickly transformed into rich blood, firm flesh, hardy muscles and an active brain. Sold by all grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book, illustrated in colors) FREE. Address

**THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY**  
TORONTO, ONT.

## BEAUTY SPECIALIST



**MISS LUCE**  
Late of New York.  
Office—8 Carlton Street, Toronto, Canada. Consultation free.

## O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt

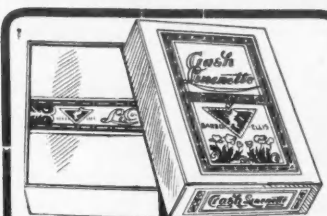


Contains all the nutritive and sedative properties of Malt and Hops, with the lowest possible percentage of alcohol.

W. LLOYD WOOD,  
Toronto  
General Agent

## ...Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY,  
Yonge and Carlton Streets.



## For a New Year's Gift

Few things suggest themselves more appropriately than good Notepaper. Many stationers are recommending our new lines

Crash Linenette, Wentworth Wave, King Edward VII, or Damask Linen

All high-class Notepaper put up in handsomely embossed Papereries with Envelopes to match.

The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited,  
Toronto.

144 We Wish You a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year 144  
**B. & H. B. KENT**  
The Leading Canadian Diamond Merchants  
144 Yonge Street, Toronto 144



## Consideration

is due your eyes because of their value and utility. We make them our special study.

Skilled Examiners  
Expert Adjusters

**The Culverhouse Optical Company**  
Phone—Main 4556 Limited  
72 YONGE ST., TORONTO

## Pearls and Diamonds

The daintiest creations of the Jeweler's Art in Pendants and Rings. Call and see them. Save from 10 to 15 per cent.

**JAMES D. BAILEY**  
JEWELRY PARLORS  
75 YONGE, N.-E. COR. KING  
Elevator. Main 2063

**The Largest Sale**  
In France where it is best known, the MACARONI and VERMICELLI made by Le Vve P. CODOU et FILS, and the genuine bears this name:  
**P. CODOU**  
See that you get it. Best de alers keep CODOU'S goods.

**Crompton Corsets**  
are a combination of beauty and hygiene—they meet all the requirements of the prevailing fashion, uniting comfort and ease in wear with symmetry and elegance of form, developing the best lines of the figure without undue pressure.  
—Ask to see Crompton's Styles 505 and 707.  
—Sold by all leading merchants.

**Jahn & Son's WIGS**  
Guaranteed to defy detection however closely scrutinized.  
73% KING WEST

**Jahn & Son's TOUPEES**  
Fit perfectly and are exact counterparts of nature.  
73% KING WEST

**An Appreciation**  
Allow us to express our hearty thanks for the generous support accorded us during the year just drawing to a close. Your co-operation has and will enable us to succeed in producing artistic Jewelry and Silverware of an ideal character.

**Wanless & Co.**  
Established 1840.  
168 Yonge St. Toronto

**Webb's CHRISTMAS CAKES**  
of the finest quality, covered with almond icing and handsomely decorated. Five pounds and upwards, 40c. per lb.

**PLUM PUDDINGS**  
A necessity for Christmas Day. They are sent out in cloths, cooked, ready for heating and serving, 25c. per lb.

**MINCE MEAT**  
made of the best materials according to our own receipt—20c. per lb.  
Our catalogue tells about a great many other seasonable good things. It is mailed free on request.

**THE HARRY WEBB CO., LIMITED**  
447 YONGE ST., TORONTO

**GOOD CHEER and GOOD LOOKS**  
Christmas is closely associated with the former, and **Pember's Hair Parlors** have much to do with the latter. Therefore, Christmas and Pember's are closely related.

**THE PEMBER STORE**  
offers exceptional attractions at this gift giving season for a more exquisite assortment of stylish and becoming **Switches and Pompadour Bangs** have never been seen in Canada. There you will find everything you can think of in **Hair Goods and Ornaments** of the better sort such as you will feel proud to wear, and proud to present as a gift.

In **Toilet Aids, Hair Preparations and Hair Dressing** you, of course, are familiar with our reputation.

We are ready to prepare you for the Ba Poudre if you intend going.

**THE PEMBER STORE**  
127-129 Yonge Street - Toronto

**The Corset Specialty Co.**  
112 Yonge St. Toronto.  
1st Floor over Singer Office.

Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporters attached.

Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and retinting of any make of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.

**SPECIALLY SELECTED STOCK OF**  
XMAS STATIONERY  
XMAS NOVELTIES  
XMAS BOOKS  
CALENDARS AND CARDS

**E. PORTER 47 KING STREET WEST**  
WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

**L. A. STACKHOUSE**  
MANICURING and CHIROPPOY

For ladies, gentlemen and children. Cuts, shaves, improving nails, and all foot troubles successfully treated. Telephone for appointments 3144 Rm. 106 BAY ST. WEST (Opposite Dominion Theatre)



## A Suburban Christmas.

WHEN the Raynors lived in the Sherwood in New York there was no one in all the artist colony more popular than they. Raynor will never jostle Velasquez for first place as a painter, but I doubt if Velasquez was as fine a man as Raynor, and even those who smile at the latter's figure work and screech at his landscapes, cheerfully endorse the general verdict that "Billy is all right."

And Mrs. Raynor—well, there's no use trying to describe her to an apathetic world, because if you don't know her you can't begin to imagine how nice she is. As a general thing in a family made up of an artist and his wife it is the artist who does the heavy lifting, while the wife, looking at life in the light of bitter experience, wishes that her husband had a good job in the ferryhouse at so much a week, and if he lives in roomy air castles she is very apt to live in the small rooms for which they struggle to pay rent. I refer to the early years of successful artists and all the years of unsuccessful ones.

But Raynor and his wife are the original packages as far as hope is concerned. He is always sure that monumental success is coming to him week after week; she is just as sure that it will arrive early next week, and between the two of them they make a cheerful and cheerful in large quantities and hand it out to their friends with prodigal generosity. No tea or lunch or supper of a Bohemian nature ever took place in the Sherwood without finding the Raynors among the guests.

So when they decided to leave New York and take up a residence "way out in Jersey" gloom fell upon their friends among the artists, and although I am not an artist, gloom fell upon me. For I have numbered Mr. and Mrs. Billy Raynor among my friends, and these many years.

They moved into their new house in October, and a few days afterward I received a letter from Billy, which ran as follows: "Dear Hubert—I always hoped that heaven would be my home eventually, but I never supposed it would be located here. Yet such is the fact. We are only two minutes from the train, and to make it better yet, I only have to go to town once a week. The real country is five minutes from us on foot, two minutes on a wheel. We have gas, electricity and a furnace, and we think we are going to get coal."

"This last is quite heavenly, because our next door neighbors on either side think they are not going to get any, owing to its scarcity and a little trouble they have had with their coal dealer. Never quarrel with a coal dealer."

"I can get more paintable views in a day than I can paint in a week, and she says she feels better here than she ever imagined anybody could feel anywhere short of Paradise."

"You ought to come out here and settle. Only forty dollars for eight rooms and a bath, a stable and half an acre of ground with roses and honeysuckle in the summer and hens if we want them—and I think we will. Twenty-five miles from New York, and they tell me that mosquitoes are only troublesome for a certain length of time."

"If you don't hear from me again, come out to spend Christmas Day with us. We will invite some of the boys from the Sherwood, and we'll have a good time—Christmas tree and all the fixings."

"Have gained five pounds since I left New York, and I'm afraid to have Anna weighed, as I have a feeling that a perfect wife should not weigh more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and she weighed one hundred and twenty-four before we came out."

"How anyone can live in the city who has had a taste of suburban life I don't see. And to think that I have spent thirty years in New York."

"Come out any time and spend Sunday, but be sure to save Christmas, anyway."

"Yours, way up in G.  
"William Raynor."

A very characteristic letter, and it made me want to go out and see him, but I had an unusually busy fall, and I was unable to think of it until Christmas time.

Then I enquired among the Sherwoods and found that although a number of them had received the same general invitation, only one was going out. The country in winter has terrors for the average city man.

But Tom Somers, whose "Winter Evening" gained him the Halgarten prize in the date—and who paints out of doors in weather that would freeze the fingers of most men, said he was going, and we planned to go together.

We had expected to go out Christmas morning, but a business matter requiring instant attention came up, and as Tom did not want to go out alone he waited for me, and it was four o'clock before we started and twilight was beginning to fall.

We bore packages of a Christmas character, and I took the precaution to carry along a bottle of whiskey, because if there's anything the matter with a furnace in a country house and you don't care to wear your overcoat indoors, a judicious use of hot water with the proper flavor is sometimes a preventer of doctor's visits.

Tom and I are not what you'd call drinking men, but we did stop in at a cafe on our way down Cortland street to the station, and had a glass of Christmas cheer. Only one, but it made us both feel well disposed toward the world, and I think that the newsboy on the corner was glad that we used that particular ferry. And he didn't forget to say "Thank you," either.

"I'm sorry more of the fellows didn't come out with us," said Tom, as we lit our cigars in a warm corner of the men's cabin. "Billy is always good company, but in his own house he will surpass himself, and his wife is a born housekeeper. The dinner will be something just a little different from any other. She has a knack that way. You know Billy's always wanted to live out of town, and I got a letter from him in November that told me he was as happy as he was the day Anna accepted him, and that Anna was happier. I've been meaning to go out, but one thing or another has prevented me."

"Same here," said I. "Yes, the boys

missed it not going out. If Billy had as much talent as he has good feeling, he'd be one of our leading painters."

"Poor Billy," said Tom, shaking his head compassionately. "He can't paint a little bit, and yet he contrives to sell something every once in a while, and I guess that Anna has a little coming to her from her mother's estate, so there's no danger of their starving. They're the salt of the earth, and they deserve more than they get."

We reached Airy Park in good season, but there was no one to meet us. A moment's reflection showed me that it was unreasonable to expect to be met, as Billy didn't even know we were coming. I had meant to write him, but I'd forgotten it, and Tom never writes a letter from one year's end to another.

There was no sleigh at the station, but the agent told us that it was the seventh house straight ahead. It seemed a long two minutes from the station, but perhaps that was because the snow was so deep and the wind so piercing. The cars had been very cold, and the good cheer we had imbued in Cortland street had not sufficed to keep us warm for more than half-way, and we did not take the rose view of the world that had been ours when we started.

"Airy Park," said Tom, with a shiver. "I don't see the park, but it's airy all right. I feel as if my overcoat was made of mosquito netting."

"But there aren't any mosquitoes," said I. "First time I ever found them absent from their posts."

"Boy, what's the matter with the electric lights?" asked Tom of a small boy just as we passed a globe that was shrouded in gloom.

"There was an accident at the power house in Rahway this afternoon, and they're cut off."

"Oh, that's all," said Tom. "Billy wrote me he had gas as well."

"I don't see it," said I. "Electric lights are a luxury, anyway."

We now arrived at Billy's house. At least it was the seventh house from the station. The snow lay deep all round it, and no track led to or from it. Billy and his wife had evidently spent the day indoors. We plowed our way to the piazza and then noticed that there was no light inside, and the frost on the parlor windows looked arctic in its construction.

"Must be pretty cold inside," said I. "I wonder if this is Billy's. Maybe it's a vacant house."

The wind wheeled and wheeled and we shivered and shivered as we walked to the door and pressed the electric bell.

"Did that ring?" asked Tom. "I didn't hear it."

"Neither did I, but probably it's in the kitchen. Try it again."

He pressed it with a lingering touch and we listened for the sound of it, but heard nothing except the howling of the storm.

"Br-r-r-r-r!" shivered Tom. "I'm going to have a chill in the most comfortable chair in the house as soon as Billy opens the door. This is the coldest ever. We'd make good models for a 'Puck' artist."

A thermometer hung by the door, and just for curiosity I illuminated the evening's blackness with a match and learned that we were in a zero temperature.

"It's Billy's thermometer," said Tom. "He's had it ever since I knew him, and this is the house, but maybe they've gone to a neighbor's to dinner."

"That's a beautiful thought. What will poor Robin do then, poor thing?"

"I thought I heard voices. Probably the bell's out of order. They always are."

As he spoke he pounded with both fists on the glass of the door, and in a minute we heard steps in the house, and then a glimmer of light and then Billy's voice cried out to someone at a distance.

"Someone has come. Hurrah!"

And then Billy opened the door, and as he did so the wind blew out his candle, and we were in darkness again, but in a darkness that was not as chilly as the darkness of outdoors. That is, not quite as chilly. There was no wind after the door was shut, but we did not feel any warmth that could be called stimulating.

"Merry Christmas, boys! I saw Tom, but I didn't know who the other man was. Wait till I light the candle. Come down, Anna, we've got company. Awfully glad to see you—or I will be when I get a light."

The candle lighted, Billy—the same old happy-faced Billy, set it down on the hall table and shook hands heartily, and in a moment Anna, her face wreathed in smiles, and her voice laden with Christmas greetings, came downstairs bearing another candle.

"Why, you poor things, you must be frozen. It must be awful New York," said Anna, as she got a good look at us. "Come into the kitchen."

"Had the gas taken out only yesterday, and to-day the electric light has gone out for the first time since we moved in," said Billy, as cheerily as if he had announced that his uncle had left him a fortune.

"Only two candles in the house, so if you can get along with one until we can send for others—"

"Billy, what makes it so cold?" blurted out Tom.

"The same thing that makes every house in town cold—except Dutcher's boarding-house. The coal famine has struck us."

When Billy said this he used just the tone that a man uses when he points out the biggest building in town to you. Billy was evidently proud to belong to a town that boasted but one forehanding man.

We had followed the Raynors into the kitchen, which was a little warmer than the rest of the house. Still it would have been a good place to keep meat in if a man didn't have a cold cellar or a refrigerator.

"Keep your things on and we'll have a jolly time in spite of the cold. I'll put on my overcoat just to be in the fashion. Do you feel cold, Anna?"

"No, dearie, it takes a good deal to make me cold," said Anna, pulling her golf cape a little closer.

As for me, I began to wish that I had not left my snug apartments.

"Anna," said Billy, "we ought to have a grate fire in the parlor to celebrate Christmas with, and do hurry up the dinner."

"I'm cook to-day," said Anna, with a

cheery laugh. "All the cooks in town are Slavs, and they've all gone to Newark to a Christmas celebration."

This seemed a fairy story until it was explained that all the Slavs were from the same village and most of them were cousins, and they had a loving habit of taking their holidays together. So every house in Airy Park, with the exception of the boarding-house where they employed colored servants, was cookless on this glad Christmas Day.

"Don't you want some beer?" asked Billy, as we followed him to the cellar to get some wool to make a fire with. We felt it was a little cool for beer, and so it proved, for the bottles were frozen solid and two of them had burst.

We found a broken chair in the "wine cellar," and also a box that had contained oranges. These were borne upstairs in triumph, and in a few minutes the chair and box were giving themselves up to make it look warm. That was all it did—look warm. The flames were red and burny-looking, but they gave out no heat in that polar parlor. But I had the presence of mind to open the bottle of whiskey, and then we were in a better case.

"After dinner we'll light the Christmas tree," said Billy. "We half expected someone, and so we half prepared; but when no one came on the three o'clock we gave you up and went out for a long walk, and we have just enjoyed the bracing weather out-doors."

"A little of it has leaked in, Billy," said Tom, spreading his hands to the blaze and trying to bring his shoulder-blades together for warmth.

"It's too bad, old man," said I. "To have anything like this happen to you on Christmas Day."

"Why, we like it," said Billy, with every evidence of sincerity. "It adds a spice of excitement to life. Now if we hadn't any chairs to burn it might be different. Awfully thoughtful of you to bring that whiskey. Hadn't a drop in the house."

Tom had given up trying to warm his hands, and he looked pretty glum. I imagine he was thinking of a snug little dinner to which he had been invited.

"How are you going to get dinner if you haven't any coal?" I asked.

"Oh, we've got a quarter of a ton, and Anna is using some of it to get dinner with. We were going to Dutcher's if you hadn't come, but this will be a heap better."

"Look here," said Tom, "this open fire looks cheery and very Christmassy, but if you want to warm the house, why not burn the wood in the furnace? It'll go ten times as far. I'm really afraid of pneumonia, you know. No end jolly and unusual and all that, but the Sherwood keeps us so infernally warm that I've sort of got into the foolish habit of expecting it, and if you haven't any wood for the furnace I'll have to go to bed to keep warm."

"No, no," said Billy, his face clouding. "Don't think of doing such a thing before dinner. I've got a lot of boxes down cellar and some planks that the men used when they were shingling the roof. We'll have a fire that will make the house seem like midsummer. Come down and help me start it. We'll just picnic, you know. You take me as you find me and we'll have the best time ever."

His cheery good-nature was infectious. He hopped his head into the kitchen on the way down and said: "Anna, we're going to build a wood fire in the furnace. Hurry up with your dinner and we'll have a jollier time than any Sherwooders could possibly have."

He continued as we followed him down: "Isn't this a cozy little house? Finely ventilated and everything convenient. Of course this is unusual weather, and this coal famine is unusual, too, but if I had plenty of coal and the weather was warmer it wouldn't be any trouble at all to keep comfortable. We spend most of our time outdoors to save fuel, and it's doing us a world of good. I think we're going to live very economically when we really get down to it. Next month's January, you know, and February's always short, and after March you're well into spring. Oh, we haven't regretted it a minute since we came out here. Awfully glad you came to-night. People here are rather childish, and I think they don't quite know what to make of an artist, so we haven't gone out much, but I have my painting, and Anna her books and housekeeping, and half the time dinner to busy herself with, and you know she likes nothing better than cooking. If she were stronger we wouldn't have a cook at all. Sometimes I say that all we really have her for is so we can pay her her wages the first of the month."

"Billy," came a voice from above, "where's the turkey? Do you suppose Dagma took it?"

"Why, I don't know, dear. Isn't it in the pantry?"

"I'm getting hungry in spite of the cold, and my exercise in helping break wood for the fire was adding to my appetite. Pray heaven they find the turkey. Tom and I exchanged glances. These were two children with their housekeeping, and we were in a fair way to freeze to death and then starve afterward. The wind roared outside with a noise like a heavily-laden

freight train on a down grade and full steam on. No, there was no suggestion of steam in the noise. Rapid conglomeration, but no steam. Still, I was beginning to enjoy myself now that I knew the worst, and I think Tom was. You see, Billy was so human, and he was so manifestly happy that it would have been downright treacherous to remain gloomy.

A few quick steps on the pantry floor above us and then: "Oh, I've found it, dear. It was behind the refrigerator, and it's frozen solid. What shall I do with it?"

"Bring it down here and we'll thaw it out in the furnace," said Tom.

There was to be a turkey, after all! We had been chopping wood, or, rather, breaking it by jumping on it, and all by the light of the furnace fire, for Billy had started it as soon as he had broken the first box, and now Anna came down, singing a little Christmas tune, and put the turkey in the open door, and then went upstairs to find some of the other things that were to make up our Christmas feast.

"Isn't it jolly to picnic this way?" said she, with as much ardor as Billy had displayed. "I think there are some cans of soup somewhere, and there's a plum pudding and sweet potatoes, only they're very much frozen."

The reader may not believe it, but we were really enjoying ourselves. Our exertions had warmed us, and Billy's imperturbable good spirits were so contagious that nothing could have made us immune.

"God rest you, merry gentlemen," sang Tom as he jumped into a box and nearly dislocated an ankle. "This is really living, Billy. I'm all aglow."

As for me, I found an old sofa by falling headlong across it, and we demolished it like three boys breaking windows in an unused house. The furnace poker was long and strong, and we gave thawing blows with that and the coal shovel.

"Ram her in," shouted Tom, as the three of us bore the back of the sofa up to the furnace door.

We rammed her in and then ran off for another piece.

"You are you men doing down there?" called out Anna, breaking off in the middle of a song.

"Getting up an appetite!" yelled Tom, and started another Christmas song, in which we all joined. It was "Gather Around the Christmas Tree," and we joined hands and circled around the furnace, roaring it out until Anna came down to see what we were doing, and laughed at us for a parcel of boys.

"That turkey must be thawed by this time," said she.

Tom was in front of the furnace when she spoke, and he let go of our hands and yelled: "Thunder and Mars! Who pushed that turkey in?"

Reader, it was even so. You wondered if the turkey had been forgotten by me as narrator. It had not, but as fuel procurer it had, and we had shoved it into the fiery furnace, and it was even now too far gone to help out our Christmas feast.

Tom began another song of childhood: "Where, or where, is the Christmas turkey? Where, oh where, is the Christmas turkey? It has gone to the fiery furnace—"

He broke off and grabbed our hands and again we circled around the furnace, while Anna sat on the cellar stairs and laughed to the verge of hysterics. The mainstay of our dinner was helping heat the house, but we didn't any of us care. We were four children once more, and we gave ourselves up to a wild abandon.

"Stop, stop!" cried Anna, "I'm weak from laughing. You ought to be scolded for burning up that lovely turkey, but I'll get going without it. Come up and help me forage."

Now, the destruction of the turkey was a real calamity to me. It was not so much the loss of that much nutriment as the sentiment of the thing. Turkey is as much a part of Christmas as Christmas greens or a tree or presents. But I am man enough to stand even a calamity without blinking, and I joined in the foraging with gusto and tried to forget the incinerated fowl which must have weighed a good twelve pounds and looked to be uncommonly good before it was cremated.

We found half a cold ham and two cans of Kennebec salmon and three cans of soup—buncheon, vegetable and mock turtle.

"Combine the three and it will make a rich soup."

I know nothing of the secrets of the kitchen, and the idea was distasteful to me, but Anna is a born cook, and it sounded all right to her. She even added something else to the combination, and I am bound to say that the soup was delicious. We all helped in the operations. Nine women out of ten hate to have anyone in the kitchen when they are cooking, but Anna was delighted to have company. She warmed to her work, and at last threw off her golf cape, although I thought it imprudent. Now that my dancing was over I was none too warm, particularly when I

## "It's Just This Way."

The quality is such that once tried it is never forsaken.

# CEYLON TEA

CEYLON Tea is Rich, Pure and Delicious. Black, Mixed or Natural Green.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all grocers.

heard that long roar of the wind outside.

The dinner, when it was served, was plain and unconventional, but it had a Christmas flavor that all the boarding-house turkeys in the world would not have had.

We ate it right there in the kitchen, and Tom told stories, and Billy sang songs in which the only thing lacking was a voice, and Anna bustled around and waited on us and prepared a brandy sauce for the canned pudding that took it right out of the canned goods class and made it something distinctive.

After dinner we lighted the tree, and I suppose we acted like a pack of children, but we certainly had a good time, and I never thought of the cold weather from the time Anna announced that dinner was ready until it was time to go to bed, somewhere about two o'clock.

Billy had lots of blankets, and he told us to imagine that we were on a Peary expedition, and that was no strain on the imagination at all. There's no particular story about this. It's just a plain account of how I spent Christmas; but I am almost certain that if it had been any other people but Billy and Anna we would have taken the earliest train back to town.

And if the inhabitants of Airy Park don't take up Billy because he is an artist, why so much the worse for the Airy Parkers, for the Raynors can give anybody that Christmas feeling right in the middle of July.—"Ainslee's Magazine."

### Unbounded.

Ethel: "Oh, George, when we are married I don't think I could live in a little flat."

George: "You don't love me when you say that, Ethel."

Ethel: "Oh, yes, I do, but not on such a small scale."

### Cold Comfort.

Instead of being peevish about it, Canada should regard the Alaska boundary decision as cheerful acquiescence. It means several hundred miles less of snow to shovel next winter.—"Star," Kansas.

## MASSAGE

The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro Massage, Swedish movements, and the Nauheim method of treatment for diseases of the heart taught and administered. Patients treated at office or at their residence as desired. References the leading physicians of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes

190 Brunswick Ave. Phone No. 16

**BRITISH AMERICAN College**

TORONTO, ONT.

A high-grade business and shorthand college. Students assisted to positions. Catalogue free.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Chartered Accountant, Principal.

**BEECHAM'S "Vero de Vero" Cream**

Unequalled as a perfect preparation for the skin. Prevents wrinkles. Keeps the skin smooth and moist. The face in a youthful condition. Positively removes blackheads, blemishes and blotches. A trial will convince you.

Beecham's CREAM LETTUCE SOAP, unexcelled.

Beecham's Medicated Olive Shampoo, positive cure for dandruff.

The Lyman Bros. & Co., Limited

Sole Agents for Canada.

**A Superior Skin Food**

Are you looking for a reliable cream for the face? Thacker's Creme Veloutee has just been put on the market after two years' private sale.

Sold by Burgess-Powell; W. H. Lee, King Edward Drug Store; G. A. Birmingham.

**YOUR LACE CURTAINS**

will last longer and look better if cleaned by us. We handle lace and chenille curtains without injury to them.

**R. PARKER & CO.,**

Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.

201 and 203 Yonge St., 59 King St. West, 471 and 1267 Queen St. West, 272 Queen St. East.

Phones: North 2011, Main 2143 and 1004, Park 98.

**Keep Smart**

You need to in your business—you ought to in your home.

**Neatness Counts**

Whether business man or business woman, keep what clothes you have in the best of condition.

**LOTS OF FOLKS**

Lose business and friends because they look shabby. I can make any suit look neat and natty.

**FOUNTAIN "MY VALET"**

Cleaner and Repairer of Clothes.

Tel. No. 3014 30 Adelaide St. West

One of our... Comfort Necessaries

The new "Jaeger" Price List will show you many others. Ask for it:—

**Wreyford & Co.**

Underwear Specialists, 85 King St. West.

ENTITLED WASTEGAY



Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese is a truly dainty article. It comes to your table in its opal jar, pure and fresh from the cleanest, most perfect cheese factory in Canada.

Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese is the selection of the epicure.

Scientific making and scrupulous care give it a delicious flavor that is found in no other cheese.

Will you serve ordinary, tasteless cheese when Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese may be had for the asking? Be sure of the name when you order. In opal pots, 10c., 25c., 50c. and 90c.

INGERSOLL PACKING CO., INGERSOLL, ONT.



**BABY'S OWN SOAP**

used by particular people both young and old. Keeps the skin soft, clear and white.

No other Soap is just as Good. **ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., LTD., MONTREAL.**

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**

Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of *Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

**Cosgrave**

SUPERB ALE INVIGORATING PORTER DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

**COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.**

NIAGARA ST., TORONTO

And of all License Holders Telephone Park 140

**Standard Brands:**

India Pale Ale  
Amber Ale  
Half-and-Half  
Extra Stout

In Wood and Bottle

BREWED BY **Toronto Brewing Co.**

Simco St. Toronto

**O'Keefe's Special**

Turn It Upside Down

—DRINK IT ALL—  
—NO DRESS—  
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers.

**The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.**

OF TORONTO, Limited

**The BOOK WORM**

"THE KINSHIP OF NATURE" is a venture into prose by Bliss Carman, who has been associated with "The Pipes of Pan" and "Songs from Vagabondia" for so long that we can hardly think of him as anything but a poet. The book is dedicated to a Canadian who is well known in Toronto, Dr. G. R. Parkin, and surely no schoolmaster ever reaped more golden reward than the words of dedication from this old New Brunswick boy. There is nothing saccharine or fulsome about the address, but such appreciation as Tom Brown might have felt for Arnold speaks in every paragraph. Happy indeed, is the Canadian schoolboy who has known such training! The book is what is rare in these days—a contribution to literature. It will probably not be one of the six best-selling books of the month; it will not rival Yankee historical fiction in appeal to the popular imagination. But those who desire a book filled with the thoughts of one who has lived close to Nature's heart and who has every gift of poetic expression will discover a new friend in "The Kinship of Nature." One of the most striking things in the book is the writer's evident love of color—an appreciation that speaks in his poetry also. Those who have read the poem "My Grave Tree" will not be surprised when they come to "The Scarlet of the Year." One thing is to be remarked in most of our Canadian writers—their love for autumn and its splendid fulfillment. Charles G. D. Roberts, who is Carman's cousin, expresses this fondness most ardently at the conclusion of his song of winter. There is every reason to be proud of these writers of our woods and fields and to hope for yet greater things. The book is on sale at Tyrrell's and is published in Toronto by the Copp, Clark Company.

Beatrice Stott's new novel, "Rosamunde," is a well-told love story, nothing more, nothing less. Page after page out of it is love, love, love. The interesting little heroine marries a man who is fascinating beyond doubt, but who is carried away by a wild jealousy. He doubts his wife's loyalty and finally pays dearly for the folly into which his impulsive, passionate nature leads him. The book is one that a man might, after a glance within its covers, mentally label "trash" and toss into the waste-paper basket, and a woman might read it, word for word, weep over it, and then lay it aside to "look over again." (T. Fisher Unwin, London, Eng.)

"Thralldom," a new book written by Helen Prothero-Lewis (Mrs. James J. G. Pugh), has recently been sent out by John Long (London, Eng.). It is a vast improvement on those last submitted by this publisher, "All the Winners" and "Up to To-Morrow," two samples that, while they contained dashes of striking originality, were, from a literary point of view, very poor. Mrs. Pugh's latest offering has a moral and a good one. Her heroine is a bright English girl, with a heart that is capable of harboring a wondrous variety of emotions. She can love and hate with equal ardor, and a wild, born spirit of mischief leads her into scrapes galore. The story is entertaining, and can boast of that which proves highly satisfactory to the majority of novel readers, "a happy ending."

The Christmas number of "Varsity" is a credit to the staff of that publication, no trouble having been spared in securing contributions from those who are more or less in the political and literary world. The first article, "The College in Political Life," is by the Premier, Hon. G. W. Ross, and is characterized by the dignity and thoughtfulness that mark every utterance of Ontario's First Minister. Then follows a naughty and spirited cartoon by Mr. S. Hunter on the Varsity graduates and the political livery-stable, which, with Mr. A. T. Hunter's facetious remarks on the young university man in the political world, lends liveliness to the contents. Mr. N. McConnell has a sprightly representation of certain worthy professors in football garb, which is more startling than becoming to the "University Federation Club." There are many good things by Professor Goldwin Smith, Principal Hutton, Seranus, Madge Merton, Jean Blewett, Arthur Stringer and others. There is also a rattling good story, "The Translation of Pig-Eye," by John Innes, that whisks you away from asphalt pavement and civilization to a land inhabited by such beings as Black-Pup, Spotted-Mule—and a devil.

Another university publication that appears in most creditable form every month is "Acta Victoriana," which in this Christmas season has surpassed itself. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and the 130 pages of reading matter are contributed by such writers as Dr. Drummond, Arthur Stringer, Duncan Campbell Scott. "Acta" is thoroughly and inspiringly Canadian, and seems to make an effort to get "new stuff." The cover has an attractive appearance, with a border suggestive of Yuletide.

"Poems of the New Century" is the title of a collection of verse by Robert S. Jenkins of Trinity College, Toronto. The literary leaning of the writer is seen in the introductory chapter, "The Lyric Poetry of Keats." Many of the poems are touched with a lyric grace that is all too rarely found. They are the

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Unless the soap you use has this brand you are not getting the best

Ask for the Sunlight Bar.



Mr. O'Rourke (in a whisper)—Whist, Nora. Look it! Sure, it's the praiseworthy as a great trust our Patsy will be one av these days.

songs of a new country in a new era, and so are full of the spirit of youth and hopefulness. "The Dandelions," "At Colingwood," "The Crushed Flower" and "Songs By the Lake" reveal a close intimacy with the life of the fields and the forest. (William Briggs.)

**The Charming Woman.**

YOU ask at what age is woman most charming? Listen to me, my friend, and I will tell you. Her name was Ilse; her age was six years. I shall never forget the first kiss I pressed upon her cool, moist lips. The fence-rails were far apart, and I could get my hands through and hold her curly head while I sipped the honey. Then we parted, gravely, promising to see each other again. We met many times after that. In the meadow, where we wandered hand in hand, plucking buttercups; in the woods, where we lay side by side and covered ourselves with russet and crimson autumn leaves; in the little attic, where we played "house," sundry dolls, of mottled complexion and many physical defects, doing duty as our children.

On it was delicious to watch her chase the butterflies over the meadow-yes, and to see the butterflies chase her. It was hard to tell which was more fairylike. Like the good Pope Sylvester, she understood the language of birds, and during our rambles in the woods she would hold converse with them, and then tell me what had been said, for she had no secrets from her little lover. In the attic she revealed her serious side. No matron of years ever displayed a deeper sense of her responsibilities than did Ilse. How bravely she bore herself when she learned that our most cherished doll, which she loved as a mother faithfully she nursed the ailing one back to health!

But one day the angels came and said that Ilse belonged to them, and they took her away. I was very, very sick for a long time after that. A woman is most charming at six.

From the moment I learned to love Violet I learned to hate algebra. She was fifteen. Did I say "learned to love her"? I meant to say from the moment I loved her. One did not have to go to school to love Violet, though it was in school that I first met her. Her eyes were of the color of the flower after which she was named; her cheeks were pale, but warm; her hair was long and black; her form had the slenderness of a Greek statue—indeed, in her person were combined the maturity and immaturity of a Psyche.

We took the longest way home together after school hours. The path led through a forest, and we often tarried by a little brook. Seated on the bank, we twined our arms around each other, put our hot faces together, and became dizzy with love and longing. Once she was overcome with passion, and I thought to loosen her dress and bring water from the brook. I bared her throat, but I did not go for the water. I think that I also must have been overcome.

We ran away. Three nights we spent under the friendly stars—unbridled nights! And then we came to a priest. We asked him to marry us, but he laughed and told us we must go home. We wept and knelt to him in vain. Our wicked parents came and tore us asunder. Oh, it was very, very sad!

A woman is most charming at fifteen. Many said that Antigone's eyes were unfathomable. But I had fathomed them, and I discovered in their depths a strong and abiding love for my unworthy self. Antigone was thirty. She had held her own against the freshest and loveliest debutantes, for she was fresher and lovelier than them all. She had said "no" to many, but when I spoke to her she put her hand in mine, leaned her head against my shoulder and whispered "Yes."

It was enough to make any man happy, and yet I felt sad. She was so near to me that I could feel her heart beat against my breast, but a shadow seemed to be between us. I told her of this, and found that she, too, was full of forebodings. It has been said that hopeless love is the sweetest love. Perhaps it is true. Our love was very sweet—and hopeless.

One day I saved her from drowning. She had tried to swim to the raft, but her strength failed her. I happened to be near by, and brought her safely to the goal. Wet and exhausted we lay in each other's arms, unashamed, the early morning sun the only witness. Then she told me her father had killed her for another, and that she wished to die. Alas! we got no drier, for our tears were big and many. Each carried cost us a thousand sighs, and there were many carresses.

My love was so great that I preferred to see her another man's rather than to have her become the bride of the Sea. We swam back to the shore. A woman is most charming at thirty. Jane is seventy. The silver cast upon the lake's bosom by the moon is not

**The Ideal Beverage**

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

**LABATT'S India Pale Ale**

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

**The Best of Complexion Remedies**

With a Twenty Year Reputation Behind Them.

**Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Foul's Medicated Arsenic Soap.**

These World-Famous remedies never fail to cure Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Liver Spots, Muddy, Sallow Skin, Redness of face or nose, and all other blemishes, whether on the Face, Neck, Arms or Body. They brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on earth can, and they do it quickly. Wafers, by mail, \$1; Soap, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, Room 5, 214 6th Avenue, NEW YORK or 20 Glen Road, Toronto, Can. Dept. N.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

**"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."**

**BEETHAM'S "SAROLA"**

SOOTHING & REFRESHING.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England.)

SOLE MAKERS: M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.

It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.

**Xmas Slippers**

Now is the time for them. **OURS THE PLACE TO BUY THEM**

**Dainty Evening Slippers** in Kid, Patent Leather and Satin.

**Warm Bedroom Slippers** in colored satin, fleece-lined, soft felt, with noisless soles. Knitted slippers, fancy colors. **Bathroom Slippers.**

**Comfortable House Slippers** Easy, soft, durable.

**Blachford's GREAT SLIPPER HOUSE** 114 Yonge St.

**St. Leger Shoe Co.**

For Fine Canadian and American Footwear....

**4 Stores**

110, 210 Yonge St., 92, 482 Queen St. West, Toronto

**OSTEOPATHY**

**ROBT. B. HENDERSON, D.O.**

48 Canada Life Building.

SPECIALIST IN **Chronic and Nervous DISEASES**

Literature Sent on Application. CONSULTATION FREE. Phone Main 3642.

**THE TRUSTS AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, Limited**

14 King St. West.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE**

Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend for the six months ending Dec. 31st, 1903, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, has this day been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company ON AND AFTER JANUARY 1st, 1904.

The Transfer Books will be closed from Dec. 21st to Dec. 31st, both days inclusive.

**T. P. COFFER, Manager**

Toronto, Dec. 21st, 1903.

ESTABLISHED 1866

**P. BURNS & CO.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN **Coal and Wood**

Head Office: 38 King St. East

Phone—M. 131

English royalties. The writer of this article remembers a dinner at which Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck) was present, and at the end of which a finger-bowl was set before her Royal Highness, but before no one else at table.

**Corticelli**

SMOOTHNESS OF STRENGTH

in cases where royalty is entertained for the first time, the host is generally notified beforehand of this point of etiquette. Most people know its origin—the old Jacobite custom of holding the wine-glass over the bowl when the King's health is proposed, and contriving in this way to toast, not the actual reigning monarch, but the Stuart King "over the water." The present Prince of Wales is said to have expressed himself opposed to the perpetuation of this quaint tradition; but it was invariably observed in the case of dinner parties given to the older generation of

**READY LUNCH BEEF**

Open the tin, turn out, and you have a most nourishing and wholesome dish which retains all the virtues of Prime Roast Beef.

Clark's name guarantees the quality.

**W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.**



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) Main 1709  
(Editorial Rooms) Main 1709

Subscriptions for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, DEC. 26, 1903. No. 7



**"THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET,"** presented at the Princess Theater during this Christmas week, is the best that ever was. "The Earl," who takes the name of a New York friend, Mr. Montgomery Putnam, in order to pursue to America a charming young woman who is the real Putnam's divorced wife, is "awfully English, don't you know," and the best of good fellows. His attempt to be a Yankee and his love-making to the divorced lady, whose connection with Putnam the Perfidious he never suspects, are funny beyond anything else the season has given us. The virtuous city of Toronto can play the game of bluff about as smoothly as a Sunday school superintendent rolls carpet balls at a social in the church parlors, where the members have met together to encourage the social life among the young people. The way in which we noted approvingly the scenes from the Waldorf-Astoria and murmured kindly, "very realistic," would lead the stranger within our gates to believe that Toronto people take a little run to New York for Grand Opera and find the "Wildflower" (as "Life" would say), a little lower than the King Edward, but very comfortable. Then didn't most of us, remarking upon Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay's delightful acting, declare with emphasis, "He was just like an English Earl," as if we had been in the habit of meeting earls in Yonge street every day of our weary lives and hanging on to a strap next to a live lord when the Toronto street car homeward bumps its twilight way? We just let on that we knew the whole De Vere family intimately and could tell whether the valet was the proper thing as a "gentleman's gentleman." But the play is really the most appetizing dish that was ever put on the Christmas boards. You may split your sides, your buttons may do the "Peggy" act, but you will forget all about the tax collector, the new school board and other troubles when this utterly English nobleman with the monocle and the "awful" endeavors to play the part of the native of Pawtucket. The fun is not of the broad and obvious variety, and is clean enough to adorn a tale for a "Young Ladies' Seminar." Mr. D'Orsay makes every gesture and inflection tell. The crook of his elbow is suggestive, the cut of his coat becomes eloquent. Miss Jane Peyton, who takes the part of Harriet Fordyce, the divorced wife of Montgomery Putnam, is admirable in her grace and civility—quite the emancipated matron on thoughts of alimony intent. We have had a surfeit at the theaters lately of love-making that is nauseating in its eternal embracing, reminding one of a recent book criticism in "Life," "when Mr. Charles Major writes about calf love, the air is full of bleats." Well, the Earl of Pawtucket changed all that, and even as they said in the days of Hamlet, we would devoutly remark, "for this relief, much thanks." Willard himself could not have been more delicately reserved in the part of lover than was the gallant Mr. D'Orsay. Of course there was an "aunt," and equally of course her name was Jane. A lady of the surname of Capulet is said to have asked a few centuries ago, "what's in a name?" The conundrum has not yet been satisfactorily disposed of, but there is assuredly something in "Jane." Could a lady bearing that proud monosyllable be anything but unflinching, fat and forty? We believe not, and this Jane was everything that such a spinster should be, and was called on the programme Miss Louise Symeth. She was a strenuous lady, was Jane, who believed not in masterly inactivity, possessing a voice that would send even the heart of Bluebeard into the very soles of his boots. The orchestra is beginning to look up and take notice. It actually gave the "Spring Song" in a style that did not set the teeth on edge, and a trombone solo, "The Lost Chord," was so entirely endurable that you could shut your eyes and imagine that it wasn't a Toronto theater at all. The Earl of Pawtucket is a perfect gentleman, who deserves a second term by acclamation.

Joe Murphy and retinue are again with us. Joe's old "stand-by's," "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue," still make the box office receipts grow taller. Joe himself is now full of riches and fat. As the ardent lover, Dan O'Hara, in "Kerry Gow," and the dutiful son in "Shaun Rhue," Joe's girth has become a trifle plenteous. But his tears at his mother's graveside as Larry Donovan are quite as touching, quite as real, as when Joe was a stripling built for the part. And then Joe is said to be so rich. That fact somehow obtrudes itself into one's thoughts and almost unconsciously one begins to estimate how much he has realized per year in the last score of years. Drat it all! I wish Joe had got rich without letting me know about it. I wish he had stayed slender and young. He knows his Irish well, but being rich, he cannot be of his heroes. They are all poor, while his villains are all rich, and when Dan O'Hara denounces the villainies concocted by the rich Hay and tells him what he thinks of his wealth, one knows that Joe Murphy on the stage must be different from Joe off it. But no matter how rich he becomes, or how his girth grows, or how old he becomes, Joe Murphy will have an affectionate spot in the hearts of thousands of people, not for what he may be or is, but for what he has shown them.

An attractive bill is being presented at Shea's Theater this week. The audience finds itself in good humor after the first performance on the list, when Ted McKenna appears with his very wise dog. The programme refers to the latter as "the wisest dog in the world," but there are one or two other canines that claim this honor. Be that as it may, this particular specimen displays a marvelous amount of intelligence and is deservedly greeted with a generous share of commendation. Smirl and Kessler appear for "Fun and Dancing." Their dancing is perfection, but the fun, if it depends upon the dialogue, is flat and it would improve matters if this clever pair resorted to something more original in the conversational line. One of the jokes rattled off their reel is that of "getting over the grip," as Smirl hops over a small valise. It might be suggested that they both "get over a stile" and leave some luggage in speech behind. They could afford to do this inasmuch that their dancing would win a place for them anywhere. A pretty character sketch is introduced by Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, entitled, "Bill Biffin's Baby." There are one or two suggestions in this that are of an off color. Otherwise it is an acquisition to the evening's entertainment.



A scene from Act 3 of "Pretty Peggy," at the Princess next week.

tainment. George Schindler, a clever harmonica player, makes a good impression which is followed by the performance of the eccentric comedians, Joe, Myra, and Buster Keaton. This turn provokes laughter from gallery to pit. All three are clever and funny, but little Buster, who saunters on the stage with a shock of brilliant red hair and whiskers to match decorating his old-fashioned child's face, is simply unique. He is introduced as "the brightest little bundle of jollity that ever wiggled into the hearts of an audience," and he certainly won his way into the hearts of those who saw him on Monday night. The next attraction on the programme is "The Vassar Girls." There are eight of them, and they appear in a bright novelty act, armed with youth and beauty, string instruments, pleasing voices and undeniable grace, a combination which speaks for itself, and which is used to good advantage. The grand finale in their performance is really "a thing of beauty," a charm being added by electric effects to the Maypole dance. Hoey and Lee, Hebrew comedians, then arrive on the scene. Their songs evidently appeal to the majority of the crowd, judging from the applause they evoke, but their style is not of a very high standard. "The Nine Nelsons" give an acrobatic act that has seldom, if ever, been equalled in Toronto, and the kinetograph closes a clever bill. Altogether Mr. Shea is to be congratulated on the success of the offerings presented at his popular resort for Christmas week.

There are not so many good actresses on the road that the possibility of an addition to the number can be viewed with anything but interest. Grace George, who makes her first appearance in Canada on Monday evening at the Princess Theater, has won an enviable reputation in the States, and it seems likely that she will be well liked in Toronto. William A. Brady, under whose direction Miss George is en tour, presents her here in "Pretty Peggy," a piece by Frances Aymer Mathews that ran from March 23 until October 31 at the Herald Square and Madison Square Theaters, New York. In "Pretty Peggy" Miss Mathews has treated rather romantically than accurately of the life of Peg Woffington, the English actress, and of her love for David Garrick. An interesting and picturesque play "Pretty Peggy" is said to be, its tale of hearts being set in the agreeable environment of theatrical London a century ago. First the spectator sees Peg Woffington, a dancing girl, riding into the circus booth of Madame Violante at Dublin astride of a mule. Garrick courts her, promises her triumphs in the great city, and induces her to go with him to London. In the green-room of the Covent Garden Theater she is next seen, possessed of her success but less happy because of it than because of her affection for Garrick. During the course of a birthday dinner attended by Colley Gibber and George Anne Bellamy, she hears that David has another sweetheart, but he fights his accuser and she returns to his arms. The third act finds the other sweetheart confronting Peg and telling her miserable story so effectively that the actress throws Garrick's wedding gifts in his face and bids him leave her forever. Finally, there is a riot in Covent Garden Theater—a riot directed against Peg—which the player quells before giving way to her heart-break and dying, held close to her lover. Miss George is declared to be nothing short of great in the title role. Her Peggy is a saucy, careless Irish girl in the first act, a loved and loving woman in the second, an outraged fury in the third, and a very pathetic little figure in the last. She is said to reach the heights of dramatic power in her scene with Garrick. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and New Year's Day.

A novelty that is sure to delight every child will be one of the features of the New Year's week bill at Shea's Theater. This is Holdin's Manikins, announced to be the most perfectly manipulated figures ever devised. As nothing of this sort has been shown at Shea's for several years, it may be well to explain that a miniature theater is seen on the stage, in which the mechanical figures give a lifelike performance in which comedy, pantomime, acrobatic and dancing specialties are introduced and the mechanical effects are so perfect that one almost believes that these figures are miniature people. At the close of the act a beautiful waterfall, with dissolving effects, makes a most satisfactory finish. Another special attraction will be Postinger's Swedish Ladies' Quintette in native songs and dances. Another special attraction will be May Edouin and Fred Edwards, who will offer a delightful sketch entitled "A Bachelor's Dream." Snyder and Buckley will be heard in their popular musical comedy, "Blatz Wants a Drink." Their music is always well received and they will probably be one of the hits of the bill. The original Max Wilson troupe of acrobats will be another novelty that will make its first appearance in Toronto. The Dillon Brothers, John and Harry, who are the authors of many popular songs, will make and repair several more in the coming week. These are the young men who wrote the famous song, "Put Me Off at Buffalo." Charles Ernest, a black-faced comedian, will make his initial bow to a Toronto audience on Monday. Harper, Desmond and Bailey in a new coon act hope to dance their way into the good will of Shea's patrons. The kinetograph will show a beautiful holiday picture entitled "Alice in Wonderland." There will be a special New Year's matinee, for which seats may be reserved in advance.



Cupid (to his followers)—This is the Christmas season. For the next week or so your diet will be nothing but mistletoe.—New York "Life."

## Woman and the Bar.

A change in the direction of the lady barrister is greatly to be deprecated. Introduce charming woman on the scene, and what man with the ordinary instincts of chivalry but must lower his lance before such an adversary, must feel himself at a disadvantage, disarmed, shorn of half his fighting strength! And with this feeling, the efficiency of our present system, with its free and equal terms of combat, its frank exchange of friendly buffets, must needs suffer.—"Law Journal."

## Why do Men Love Us?

NOTHING could be more edifying than to hear a man discourse upon the folly woman displays in her dress, but does he mean one word of it? Not at all. For years men inveighed against stays, and shrieked for a garment for women that would hang from the shoulders. The Mother Hubbard was invented to meet this crying need. It is the only garment ever devised for women that was simply irreproachable from a hygienic standpoint, and heavenly comfortable from a physical one, but instead of men embracing it, and the women in it, with rapture, they hooted and derided it into the boudoir, and in some places actually got laws passed against wearing it in public. Nor is this all. Man is the instigator of every fashion for women that cribs, cabins and confines. Who invented the skin-tight, uncompromising tailor-made gown? A man—Redfern. Who devised swathing, eel-like skirts that require us to be straight-fronted and as tall as a telephone pole? Another man—Worth. In what country do women rejoice in loose garments and being as fat as they please? In Oriental ones, where they have no man dressmakers, and don't have to catch men, anyway.

As for vanity, if women don't paint because men admire roses on a woman's cheek, in spite of their cry for naturalness; if women don't lace because men are hopelessly committed to the admiration of an hourglass figure; if women don't wear high-heeled shoes because it is only high-heeled shoes that can walk all over a man, then will somebody kindly arise in meeting and tell why, when women get together, free from masculine eyes, they wash off the paint and get out of their stays and into kimonos and flip-flop slippers? In vain do men preach against the irrational and extravagant way in which women dress, while woman sees that the long trailed-er, the silk lined-er, and the fluffier and frillier she is, the more attention does she get from the opposite sex. Every man believes in rational dress for women, but he would rather be caught dead than out with a female who illustrated his theories on the subject.

And tears! A woman's tears! Silly, idiotic, childish, aren't they? Why should a grown woman weep for the thing she wants instead of logically proving her right to it, or independently demanding it? Men honestly set down woman's weeping under such circumstances to some peculiarity of the feminine temperament that they may deplore, but never hope to fathom. In reality the explanation is very simple. Long experience has taught her that the shortest way to get what she wants is by the water way. No man ever listens to a woman's reasons. He doesn't even pay her the compliment of arguing with her. He simply pooh-poos the entire subject. Tons of logic, mountains of irrefutable facts, are not worth one single, pearly, hypocritical tear, in carrying a point with a man.

And he likes it. Goodness knows why, but a man is never so fond of a woman as when she is weeping on the second button of his waistcoat, and clinging to him as if she was a wet washrag. This is a point well understood by married women, and the one whose tear ducts are in easy working order has a cinch at managing her husband. The real reason that the Woman Suffrage Association has never gotten the ballot is because it possesses so few shoulders to weep upon. If the women of the country would set apart a day to cry for the ballot they would get it long ere nightfall. The mistake they are now making is in trying to convince men by argument and logic that women have a right to vote, and men are not amenable to logic from women, but they dissolve in their tears.

In short, that men admire us for our virtues, but love us for our faults, is too apparent to need insisting on. When we come up to their ideal we seldom fire their fancy, and that explains why women are the weak, foolish, unreasonable creatures they are, for there is not a mother's daughter of us who would not rather be loved than be right.—"Ainslee's Magazine."

## A Steel-Oil Lullaby.

Rocky is sleeping so cozy and fair,  
While sunset glows red on his absence of hair,  
And Morgan the cradle folk busily swings,  
And further to sooth him just hear what he sings:

"Rock-a-by Rock-feller, now you're on top,  
When you say so the market will drop,  
When you say so the Steel Trust will fall,  
And down will go market, Morgan and all."

Morgan is somewhat unused to such toil,  
And the steel of his armor is dripping with oil,  
And he sings out of key, for it has not been long  
That he's had to rock Rocky to sleep with this song:

"Rock-a-by, Rocky, now you're on top—  
Twelve million plunks isn't easy to drop,  
But when the string breaks then some one must fall,  
So down tumbled Morgan, Steel Trust and all."

Sweet visions of childhood! What comfort to feel  
As smooth as your oil and as hard as your steel,  
And who would not smile in the consciousness dim  
That J. Pierpont Morgan was working for him?

"Rock-a-by, Rocky, rock-a-by rocks,  
Cradled in steel-oil, pillowed in stocks;  
When the stocks break the market must fall,  
And down will come Rockefeller, market and all."  
—Wallace Irwin in "Commercial Advertiser."

## A Discrepancy Somewhere.

An Irishman and an Englishman were recounting feats of physical prowess, says the New York "Times." The Englishman, by way of showing his strength, said that he was accustomed to swim across the Thames three times before breakfast every morning. "Well," said the Irishman, "that may be all right, but it do seem to me that your clothes would be on the wrong side of the river all the time."

## Evidence.

"Do you believe in telepathy?" "Well, this morning a man paid me a hundred dollars he owed me, and this afternoon I got a letter from my wife asking for a hundred."

## New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE most important event of the week has been the formal opening of the new and "vaster than has been bridge on the East River. Though far from complete for all kinds of traffic, the coincidence of Seth Low's may alty could not be overlooked. He it was who twenty years ago, as Mayor of Brooklyn, walked half way across the Brooklyn bridge to meet the Mayor of New York and that famous bridge open for traffic between the two. Troops of cavalry, regiments of infantry, military bands, and the inevitable self-glorified speech-making constituted the afternoon programme. At night there was a grand display of fireworks from the bridge which itself was effectively outlined in incandescent lights, and hanging so in mid-air against a dark, lowering sky with the swift-running, mysterious Hudson far below, made an awe-inspiring and striking picture. Tugboats armed with searchlights paraded the river, and with their shrieking, moaning, groaning whistles made one awful pandemonium amid the din of cannon and firework explosives. In this way was the great bridge declared open for traffic to a thankful population.

New York has been grappling for years with the tremendous problem of transporting its hundreds of thousands of Brooklyn residents to and from Manhattan or New York city proper. The old Brooklyn bridge, known and famed all over the world, has been totally inadequate of late, and the nightly scenes at the Manhattan end of the bridge between five and six o'clock beggar all description. The polite, genial, affable "American" citizen becomes part of a hideous mob, scrambling, striving, jostling, trampling all finer instincts under foot, and for the time being degraded into the most elemental stage of civilization. To avoid offence, we quote an "American" writer: "He is a savage, neither more nor less. He forgets woman, civilization, ambition, religion, learning, and deportment. His face is set and hideous. His brain and soul shrink to the dimensions of the withered kernel of a filbert and are filled with one raging desire—a seat in a car!" "American" problems seem all so tremendous and only boldness and enterprise can hope to grapple with them. And it was certainly boldness and enterprise that conceived and carried out the magnificent structure formally opened on Saturday last.

In size it is the longest span suspension bridge in the world, and with the exception of the Forth cantilever in Scotland, the longest span ever built. Its capacity will be 10 times that of the present Brooklyn bridge, and it will be able to carry passengers at the rate of 225,000 per hour. It will have accommodation for four trolley tracks, two elevated roadway tracks, two footwalks each ten and a half feet wide, two bicycle paths each seven and a half feet wide, and two twenty-foot roadways. The contract for the work was let seven years ago. Forty thousand tons of steel have been used in its construction, and the total outlay has been \$11,000,000.

In spite of reputed "hard times," Christmas shopping has been brisk and the store clerks kept exceedingly busy. The window displays have been quite up to the standard of former years, if not a little in advance, and their tempting wares have probably worn the inside of many an unwary pocket-book. "Christmas shopping" in the ideal is a pretty enough exercise, no doubt, but in the actual is a terrible expenditure of vitality, good temper, and good manners. Perhaps this all goes into the sacrifice for the promotion and exchange of the good-fellowship and good cheer that seizes all mankind just once a year. This yearly halt, if you will, of the industrial march to consider the responsibility—and the luxury!—of human relations, and indulge its shame-faced sentiments.

Gifts have ranged anywhere from hair-brushes, neck-ties, gloves and cologne to "Old Crow" rye and a sofa cushion. Books, of course, are always popular and always acceptable, and they have been appearing in plenty—chiefly in novels and biographies—on the Christmas counters.

"Colonel Carter's Christmas," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Gordon Keith," "Sanctuary," "The Proud Prince," have all been in good demand in the novel class; while "Gordon's" "Reminiscences of the Civil War," Morley's "Gladstone," and Hoar's "Autobiography" have supplied the more serious historical appetite. A very elaborate collection of Sargent reproductions in photogravure by Mrs. Meynell, and a handsome Rembrandt, have been the really high-class book ventures of the season, but for obvious reasons these do not come within sight of a popular demand. Standard and classical authors have been shown in new and dressy binding—Thackeray, Eliot, Jane Austen, Ruskin and such perennials.

Society is waiting now in breathless interest and perplexity too, for the first "Parsifal" performance, to be given on Christmas eve. The perplexity arises from the dual situation confronting the toilettes. The performance begins at five o'clock in the afternoon and ceases about midnight (of the same day) with an intermission only long enough for a little refreshment. You see the difficulty. An afternoon gown will look ridiculous by night, and an evening gown of course would not be tolerated in the broad light of an afternoon! Men will not suffer so much, in fact the way has been already opened for them, and they will simply meet their valet at the club and escape from the frock into evening dress while devouring a club sandwich to carry their mortality safely through the succeeding Wagnerian acts.

But, then, "man" has always had the advantage from pre-historic times, and it is no answer to say that he has not complicated his social difficulties out of hand. He is a selfish beast, who quietly arranges his affairs to meet the diurnal habits of this solar system, regardless of the perplexities of feminine social existence which cannot be circumvented by any such simple cosmic laws.

However, feminine society, so far, is keeping its own counsel, and when I write you of the "Parsifal" performance I will be able to tell you how they overcame their difficulty.



Binks—And now, would you mind throwing over my hat and umbrella?—"Punch."

## Confetti.

Two burdens are laid on men: To desire what they have not; and to have what they desire.—"Life."

After all, one of the great—perhaps the greatest—pleasures in life is to get things over.—"Mrs. Augustus Craven."

A man wishes and a woman wishes, but circumstance frequently wins the game.—"The Damsel and the Sage."

It's a strong stomach that has no turning.—"The Cynic's Calendar."

No man likes shooting tame rabbits.—"The Damsel and the Sage."

A book is never a masterpiece. It becomes one. Genius is the talent of a man who is dead.—"De Goncourt."

To criticize is to tell everything that passes through one's head.—"Sainte Beuve."

A man would often be the lover of his wife—if he were married to someone else.—"The Damsel and the Sage."

There are people for whom everything is obscure except platitudes.—"Jean Moreas."

All silences are eloquent, because our imagination makes them talk.—"Marie Valere."

Men have in life only two affairs: love and hunger.—"Anastole France."

Time and place—temperature and temperament—and after the sunset the night—and then to-morrow.—"The Damsel and the Sage."

Small preachers have long prayers.—"Life."



# COMPLEXION VERSUS CONSCIENCE

By CLAIRE DEAK.

A WOMAN of knowledge, poise, sympathy—a woman with a rest-giving face—the sort of person whose premises you take on trust, an aristocrat by right of prejudice and inborn standards, yet a woman who had thought it out, worked it out, lived it out for herself, I mean success—a woman of fluencies in words, movement, clothes, but not in morals—such a one put the case for complexion before my prickly-skinned New England conscience; since which talk I have cast disparaging glances whenever my eyes brushed a mirror, and have walked fast by the doors of the beguiling "Beauty Parlors," where the Fountain of Youth may be bought bottled at varying prices and similar tints, if you have faith, courage and the money.

I had lunched at a house in deadly order with a woman who matched it in her possession of the seven deadly virtues, and reaction carried me around the corner to the Charming Person of the Fluencies. The first step within her door relaxed by overwrought disposition. Nothing in the house looked fixed—you had a feeling that you could move things if you wanted to—that nobody would mind and somebody might praise your nice perception of artistic excellence. Then the Person of Charm came down in an emotional gown of red crepe and you felt warm and welcomed.

Her eyes seemed drenched with sky-blue, her fluffed hair shone all autumnal colors, brown, red, russet-gold, her figure was slender, flexed with supple motions, her voice had the quick catch in it that youth and enthusiasm put there; and I knew that she would be thirty-eight on her nearby birthday! Also I knew that she knew that I knew and that she didn't care. Why should she? Her husband adores her, her face, her works, her companionship; her son is her lover, and her friends are almost her enemies because of envy.

I plunged into gossip and spiteful reminiscence of the luncheon that I had just lived through.

"No wonder she is notoriously a club widow. Her husband can't stand the atmosphere of that house—it's cold storage and she has gone stale in it. Tell me! Why is it? Explain it all, you dovetail serpent! In this Eden will open gates!"

The Person of Charm is audacious, has the spade habit. There was nothing unturned or unnamed when she left the character of my late hostess.

I knew many things, admitted her charges and only argued the remedy. It was—yes you are going to be as shocked as was my Boston boarding-school temperament—the remedy for the errant husband, the starched attitudes, the discomfort, the unbreathable air of that house—the remedy was a touch of rouge!

The Person of Charm went on to explain to my disintegrating intelligence what she meant by a touch of rouge. Oh, I haven't agreed with her! And after days of the digesting processes, I am back to pinking my cheeks than the scrupulous reading of cosmetic advertisements.

The gist of the charming person's explanations and theory was that the unattractive woman of the deadly virtues hadn't compromised with the masculine weakness for frills and frivolities, hadn't competed, as it were, with the charms of the evanescent, the fripperies, which if trivial at first thought, yet count excessively in the long run—and marriage is the long run, you know. The charms of laces and fluff, the things you pay money to see on the stage, the littleness which make the stage woman a pretty tot, a presentation of attractive femininity, a thing you would—if you were a man and dared confess it—a sweet, womanly thing that you would like to have at the breakfast table with you. "And," said the Person of Charm, "I believe that ribbons and ruffles, judiciously applied, make more happy marriages than all the virtues or all the cooks on the American continent."

I interpolated, gasping from a weak effort to follow after the strong minds I had met in club papers and woman's columns.

"But aren't we already over-sexed? We are certainly taught by the advanced thinkers in Femininity that it is this differentiation that's doing it—doing us, I mean, out of Our Rights—whatever they may be—I am sure that I have always had more than mine."

"Of course you have," answered the Person of Charm. "And don't you want to be happy? Wouldn't you rather be happy than have posterity right? For you may have noticed that the pilgrimages aren't long enough to reform your contemporaries first and be happy afterward. Did you ever see a very attractive woman forced to plead for her rights? If you have and she was really attractive—and that includes goodness—why, she got them!"

I have looked about me, I have appraised man as he is, not as I would like him to be, and I have chosen my part—perhaps studied a little the way to play it, even how to dress it. My great need is to be loved and my next greatest is to help the people I love—after them the others. To say that you cannot really help unless you are lovable is as trite as truth. And lovable? What does it mean? Ask a man, any nice man—I do not limit you save at "niceness"—and he will say, if he isn't a phrase-monger:

"Oh, loveliness is being attractive in all sorts of ways."

There you are! "Attractive." And I chose to be as attractive as nature and art, in any refined presentment, will allow me to be.

The lark's song is probably not the serious business of a lark's life—that is worm grubbing and larklet futurities, but the world finds the worm only incidental to the manufacture of trills, and trills and trills rhyme prettily, and a rhyme to the wise is always sufficient, isn't it?

I went away from the Person of Charm, musing upon dark things dully, though her talk had been as froth on the deep sea of life.

In my City of the Soul, with a population of one and a house to rent—on a life lease if the right tenant comes along—I may yet take to house painting and decoration if the tenant should seem to warrant the trouble and risk.

In every evil there is a good asleep—far be it from me to make exceptions!

## The Man of The Hour.

A recent meeting of the Chamberlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, Miss Constance Rudyard Boulton read a most interesting paper on the statesman whose fiscal policy is agitating the Greater Brit. But it is difficult to say anything new about "Orchid Joe," but Miss Boulton has succeeded in making even figures refreshing. She thus concludes her thorough study of Chamberlain:

His unpopularity abroad is due to his pugnacious instinct, to the blunt directness of his speeches, the domineering note which unfortunately has roused fear and resentment amongst foreign powers. He lacks practical experience in the wide field of diplomacy. Of the game, as such, of the complex forces brought into play, he appears to have no knowledge. The best friend Mr. Chamberlain has in the world must regret his references to foreign powers; his comparison of Russia with the devil; his hint to France to mend her manners; his reminder to Germany that Queensland is bigger than the German Empire. His sentence in his famous "long spoon" speech, in which he appealed on a public platform for an alliance to enable us to "seriously injure Russia," is an example so characteristic of the man and so typical of the spirit of Mr. John Bull that we cannot help admiring the uncompromising courage which throws down the glove of defiance to the world, although diplomacy is, and must be, the delicate mainpring which controls the balance of peace amongst the nations. But it is to love of empire, or lust of empire if you will, that we must look for the dominant, the overwhelming note of Mr. Chamberlain's later life, and this will surely hand his name down to posterity as one of the greatest men in English public life.

Chamberlain took the office of Colonial Secretary in 1895 and Imperialism in its broadest and most comprehensive sense is the center of his present policy, the aim towards which he is directing all the energies of his powerful and practical nature. His idea of Imperialism is economic. In it he sees a Greater Britain within which England's swarming population may find room to breathe and equalize its enjoyment of life. In a word, Mr. Chamberlain's policy is to establish Imperial Federation by means of a commercial union, and he believes that he can achieve it. There was, of course, little that was original in this policy. In its general lines it was a close interpretation of the history of the Imperial Federation movement since 1887, when the Imperial spirit was so roused by our late Queen's first Jubilee.

It was a development of suggestions which had already been made by English public men—Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Goschen, Lord Ripon, and others. Where Mr. Chamberlain was original and as bold as he was original, was in adopting the scheme as a practical policy. Its chief merits, indeed, consisted

in its boldness, in the stimulus it was calculated to give, and actually did give, to the sentiment of Imperial solidarity which it stamped with the impress of a constructive statesmanship never before known at the Colonial Office. Three times Chamberlain has changed his mind. Three times he has had the courage to face the abuse and hatred of those from whose opinion he has seceded. Three times he has shown that a man has a right by reason of the process of development, experience and deepest conviction to give up the opinions of previous years and adopt a new creed. Once when he broke up the Liberal party on Home Rule; again when he, the most rabid advocate of Radicalism, joined the Conservative benches under Lord Salisbury, and once again when he, to the confounding of British politicians of all shades of thought, repudiated his South African policy of 1880 to 1885 and determined that the independence of the Boer Republic should cease to exist in 1900.

These changes in his policy have resulted in a hatred and distrust towards him in some quarters almost without parallel in the history of English politics. The controversy as to the rights and wrongs of the South African war and Chamberlain's part in it still rages in a modified form. There are two versions of the part the Colonial Secretary has played in the affairs of South Africa. On the one hand he is represented as an honest man who has dealt wisely with one of the most difficult situations which have ever confronted a British statesman. The other would make him the hero of the most amazing game of bluff which has ever deceived a nation. The mystery of the Jameson Raid bids fair to be forever unsolved, but Mr. Chamberlain's name will ever be indissolubly connected with the South African war.

And yet another great bond of empire evolved from his fertile brain must be referred to in the development of the Crown Colonies. When our Colonial Secretary came to office these colonies comprising West Africa, the West Indies, Jamaica, etc., were in a very poverty-stricken condition. Chamberlain proceeded to grapple with the situation, at once bringing to bear upon it the extraordinary practical business ability and training which has played such a large part in his success. He regarded them as the "undeveloped estates of the Empire." By advocating the investment of England's superfluous wealth in these countries and developing their natural resources, new markets would be created and the old ones revived. Much has been done already for the backward colonies by this wise policy, and the fruits of it will be seen to increase and multiply as time goes on.

Once again Mr. Chamberlain has startled the Empire by the indomitable independence of his spirit and the high courage and force which support his convictions. Within a few months he has again resigned from his party and faced the uncertainties attending the presentation of his fiscal policy—alone. No one can doubt the intensity of his belief in the cause on which he has embarked, and it was natural that fresh from his Imperial mission, with the incalculable advantages of close union between the Mother Country and the colonies borne in upon him in the most striking and unmistakable manner, and full of the projects by which he thought the existing ties could be so tightened that they might last forever, he should have wished to lose no time in placing the great issues which inspired him before the country. Whether this conception for the welding of empire—one of the grandest and boldest that has ever taken shape in the brain of any man—is carried to a successful issue, must even to the most confident appear one of the uncertainties of the future. But we have the high privilege of watching the great struggle day by day, gathering force as it goes, one of the most supremely interesting epochs in the history of nations that it has been the good fortune of any individual to live through.

That Mr. Chamberlain will bring to his task lofty ideals, indomitable courage, a spirit of scrupulous fairness and an unrivalled talent for administration, is surely the belief of those who have studied his character through the manifold phases of his eventful life.

## TO HIS MEMORY.

JAMES A. TUCKER.

He met the sunshine of life's day

With open brow;

Hours gold or leaden gray

Are over now.

He looked through weary hours of pain

Not down but up,

Thus, unafraid, could drain

The bitter cup.

So true to friendship's strong demand,

So free from guile,

He gave us Death his hand

With trustful smile.

Though all too soon in wintry gold

His sun went down,

Ne'er braver knight of old

Won wreath or crown. —J. G.

I must do my own work and live my own life in my own way, because I'm responsible for both.—"The Light that Failed."



Charlotte Wiehe.

—"The Theater."

## A Christmas in Old Quebec.

IT WAS Christmas Day in old Quebec. Twenty years of continual effort had not made the rocky cliffs habitable, and what had been done in that time in the way of settlement had been lost when the dauntless founder by Sir David Kirke, six years before. During his three years of exile the settlement on which he had set his heart had fallen away and only a few rude cottages surrounded the weakened citadel. He had returned in 1632 with another expedition sent by Richelieu in an heroic attempt at successful colonization, but now, three years later, the labors of the intrepid explorer, sad hearted and broken in health, were at last at an end. Samuel de Champlain lay dying. An October the end had begun in a paralytic seizure, and now in a rude chamber in the fort, attended by two missionaries of his faith, the soul of the great navigator was passing away.

Without the citadel a few soldiers and settlers went about their daily tasks, and some friendly Indians, passing to and fro, glanced curiously at the building where the Great White Chief lay dying. Inside steps and voices were hushed in rough tenderness for the one who lay quiet and unheeding on a curtained bed. There was little attempt at comfort or luxury in the bare chamber, but his was not the indulgent, self-loving nature to which these are necessary. The two Jesuit fathers watched beside him, as they repeated the prayers for the passing soul. All was done that could be done. It was now not even a question of hours. No woman's hand soothed his pillow, for none was there. Dame Hebert, the pioneer woman of the settlement, who had braved the years of English rule when the soldiers and missionaries had been sent home to France, had done all that woman could do, and the sufferer was now alone. Was he conscious? None knew. Perhaps his mind, cleared by approaching dissolution, dwelt on the adventures and enterprises of his active life. Perhaps the beautiful face of his child-wife, now immured in the Old World convent, flitted before his gaze. Bright, bewitching Helene, the adoration of the Indians during her four years of Canadian life! He saw her first as in her childhood's home, when thirty years her senior, he had asked the hand of the twelve-year-old maiden whose fair face and sunny ways had shone as a star in his life. Then, after his years of waiting, in 1620, this child of luxury disembarked among a few dirty half-clad Indians, and with her three maids took up her residence in the neglected, half-ruined habitation that was her husband's home in the land of exile.

Or did he see her on that last voyage homeward, when loneliness and ill-health made it necessary to take her again to France, where her enthusiasm for her newly adopted faith impelled her to enter a convent as a nun? During the last ten years of his lonely life this fascinating vision has been banished by sheer force of will, in order that the spirit of endurance might be maintained, but there was no need of that now. The sturdy, zealous soul was passing away, and the fair face looked out from a sombre cowl. There lives together had not been serene, but a purer, holier life was near.

The eyes of the dying man opened again, and in the future saw a vision of light, the lips parted in a last murmured "Helene! Helene!" Then the light went out and the great Champlain was dead.

In an unknown, unmarked grave rest the remains of Quebec's founder, but He de St. Helene at Montreal perpetuates the name of his beautiful child bride.

GERTRUDE MACDOUGALL.

## A Jap's Jest.

THE Christmas dinner was nearly over; a solemn-faced butler whose name was Kobe and two white-capped maids known as Margaret and Sarah were removing the crumbs accruing from seven courses. Fine damask and crystal glistened and looked as polished and refined in their way as the group of merry people that surrounded the hospitable board of "The Cedars." There were twenty-seven happy, smiling faces at the table.

Three generations of the O'Connors were represented: grandfather and grandmother, father and mother; then came no less than eleven younger members, who answered to the good old name. They called themselves Canadians and they were Canadians, but now and then the soft music of a "shure" or a "faith" or a chance "begorrah!" whispered of "Ould Ireland" and one knew that the strains came honestly as he looked at a Patrick or a Norah. Fifteen O'Connors and a dozen guests, all cracking nuts and jokes or toying with bonbons and salted almonds. Good old champagne and sherry had been sipped by the "grown-ups," but the "youngsters" had been forced to feel content with and smile sweetly at a very delicate form of claret cup. They smiled. Laughter was in the air and the conversation turned on "fun."

"What's your definition of fun, grandad?" Patrick asked. "Shure this, just this," with a gesture that included everything and everyone, "is fun enough for me, me boy," the old man replied.

The question went round until it reached little Willie, with the chubby face and golden curls, who promptly answered the incorrigible Patrick's "Now, what would you rather do than anything else?" with a—"Get even with you for shitting my new—"

Here mamma interfered, and Patrick of seventeen years looked unutterable things that boded ill for the small brother munching raisins.

Patrick's rosy face had grown rosier. Winifred Mercer, the pretty girl with the big blue eyes, was looking at him and for once he felt embarrassed. But he continued: "Your turn, mother."

Mrs. O'Connor assured him gently it was "fun enough" for her to see them all happy.

"Yes, mother, I believe you'd let us just do anything, all for the fun of it. Now, wouldn't you? Say to-night, for instance?"

"Certainly, Patrick, I give you all carte blanche to do just as you like for this one night in the year."

"Christmas comes—!" began the head of the house.

"And you, father?" chimed in Norah.

A chorus of voices raised an eager appeal.

"Go ahead!" said Mr. O'Connor.

"Faith an' we will!" shouted Patrick.

Kobe the Jap was very late that night in taking coffee to the drawing-room, and when he did arrive his imperturbable face wore a look of dismay that staggered the old folks and middle-aged who were gathered about the big grate fire. Kobe's next approach to a smile was struggling for mastery with the distress that was plainly written in his eyes.

The sounds of laughter and song that had floated along the corridor from the distant billiard-room seemed suddenly lulled. A spirit of mischief pervaded the atmosphere. The coffee was left to get cold. Kobe had retreated, with an appealing glance and a ghastly grin, murmuring to himself, "Fu-n-n."

Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor looked at each other and then glanced at "grandad" and "granny," who were on the verge of hysterics, and then they all marched in solemn dignity down the hall. The odor of champagne and sherry greeted them everywhere!

The jingling of sleighbells and the echo of "We won't go home till morning!" reached them from the winding carriage drive. Where were the youths and maidens in their teens? They were gone.

A bevy of small O'Connors were lying fast asleep on the dining-room floor. Two sorry-looking maids were securely tied to the seat in the big hall window. Mr. O'Connor shook his big bald head and muttered "champane." Mrs. O'Connor looked aghast and whispered, "sherry."

There was a mystery and the secret was looked away in the happy heart of Kobe the Jap, who grinned delightedly and rattled the keys of the wine cellar as he peeped through the crack of his pantry door. No one else quite understood, but nestling in a bed of holly and mistletoe on the polished table was a placard on which was shakily scribbled, "It was only for fun!"

## The Cost.



Jarrod—What did that diamond cost that you gave Dolly for Christmas?  
Harold—Well, I gave forty dollars for the stone, and ten dollars to the clerk to tell Dolly it cost two hundred dollars if she brought it back to price it!

## The Dunmow Flitch.

The Dunmow Flitch of Bacon is said to have been instituted in the time of Henry III. The flitch is a matrimonial prize for which happy couples, who have never quarrelled during the first year of their married life, strive to establish their claims before an impartial jury composed of six maidens and an equal number of bachelors. There is a judge, arrayed in full-bottomed wig, and advocates plead for and against the claims of the suitors. The examination and cross-examination of the claimants occasion much mirth; and when the couples are pronounced worthy of the flitch, they are chaired and carried round the meadow, finally halting at an open-air stage, where they publicly take the oath, kneeling on rough stones.

The customary oath is to the following effect:

You do swear by custom of confession  
That you never made nuptial transgression,  
Nor since you were married man and wife,  
By household brawls or contentious strife,  
Or otherwise at bed or board  
Offended each other in deed or word.  
Or in a twelvemonth's time and a day  
Repented not in thought anyway,  
Or since the church clerk said "Amen,"  
Wished yourselves unmarried again,  
But continue true and in desire  
As when you joined hands in holy quire.

As soon as the bacon has been claimed, the court proceeds to pronounce sentence:

Since these conditions without any fear  
Of your own accord you do freely swear,  
A whole gammon of bacon you do receive,  
And bear it away with love and good leave;  
For this is the custom of Dunmow well known;  
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own.

It has been cynically stated that the flitches have never been fairly won except at the very first competition, when two couples successfully formulated their claims. The first couple was a sea captain and his wife, who had not seen each other after the wedding until the day the prize was awarded; the second was an honest pair who resided in the near neighborhood, the husband being a man of plain, common sense and an equable temper—the woman was dumb. Dr. Brewer maintained that the revival of this "premium for bunbug" was a mere get-up for the benefit of the town. This is largely borne out by the programme of the proceedings of the day, which includes pony races, variety shows, and a host of other holiday attractions for the thousands of visitors who crowd into the little town on the day of the annual observance.



## POLITICS EVEN IN THE POLICE COURT.

Police Magistrate Denison—Hello, Mary Eliza! You here again?  
Mary Eliza—I'm being prosecuted for vagrancy, but I'm being persecuted for politics. My 'usband's brother's huncle came to a hafferdavit.  
Denison—Here; that'll do.  
Mary Eliza—I'm being chased from mornin' to night an' I'll soon be under the sod—  
Denison—Three dollars or thirty days.





**We Eat Too Much**

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

**Hunyadi Janos**

Nature's Laxative Water

It is the only medicine that cures all ailments of the bowels and liver. It is the only medicine that cures all ailments of the bowels and liver. It is the only medicine that cures all ailments of the bowels and liver.

## Anecdotal.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that the new minister is inclined to be pedantic?" "Oh, I don't know," Josiah thinks so, but it mightn't be anything but the prickly heat."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Representative Fred Landis of Indiana, who said he had come to Congress because there was nothing else to do, is thin. He was sitting in a street car when a fat man came in and sat down in his lap. "I beg your pardon," said the fat man. "It's all right," Landis replied; "but tell me, did you think I was painted on the bench?"

There has always been a little friendly enmity between W. S. Gilbert and a rival humorist, Sir Francis Burnand, the present editor of "Punch." Once at a dinner table someone said: "I suppose you often get good things sent in by outsiders." "Occasionally," answered Burnand. "Then why don't you print them?" said Gilbert.

Joseph Jefferson caught a trespasser fishing in his well-stocked lake on his Louisiana farm the other day. The venerable actor went up to him and called his attention to the fact that he was fishing in a private preserve, in violation of the law. The stranger smiled sadly. "You are mistaken, sir," he replied. "I'm not catching your fish; I'm feeding them. I haven't landed one, and my bait's nearly all gone."

Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, who is at present in America delivering a course of lectures, is intensely opposed to what he considers the "old-fogy" traditions of the University at Dublin. During a visit to Yale, Mr. Yeats was one of the instructors if he played a game of a certain venerable professor. "No," the poet, "I don't know how to play, but I have heard that the age of all the professors at 'GOOMBS' University is one million, five hundred thousand years."

Professor T. N. Carver tells an amusing story of a clergyman friend, who, upon one of his trips through the West, observed that almost every man he met and spoke with used profanity. Finally he found one man who talked to him for twenty minutes without using an oath. As they were about to separate the clergyman shook hands with the stranger and said: "You don't know how glad I am to have a chance to have a talk with a man like you. You are the first man I have met for three days who could talk for five minutes without swearing." The stranger was so surprised and shocked at this deplorable state of affairs that he instantly and innocently ejaculated: "Well, I'm damned!"

The House Comander Club had a short sitting. Just as the president, the Hon. Thomas Kyle of Ohio, was about to state the object of the meeting the Hon. Fred Landis of Indiana butted in and said: "I've got a new one." "Well," said all the members expectantly, "When is a door not a door?" "Great heavens!" groaned President Kyle, "has it come to this? Young man, the fact that you have been in Congress only a few days saves you. That is the first round that ever was." "Is that so?" said Landis defiantly. "Well, then, what's the answer?" "When it is a door," whispered the united membership, with

## Calendars

For a low-priced New Year's Gift few things suggest themselves more than a pretty Calendar—appreciable because useful. This season our collection is a unique one—all the newest and most artistic designs, ranging

**From \$5.00 down to 5c.**

Beautiful hand-painted Calendars (drawn exclusively for us), a charming line of English hand-painted Calendars, the famous Christy and Gibson, dainty Dutch designs, floral, etc., in fact the finest display of Calendars ever shown in Canada.

—Inspection cordially invited.

**Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,**  
8 KING STREET WEST

averted faces. "Wrong!" shouted Landis triumphantly. "You fellows are not so good. When it's a negress."

George Ade, in the early days of his career, before his "Fables in Slang" had brought him fame, called one morning in Chicago upon a Sunday editor, on a mission from a theatrical manager. "I have brought you this manuscript," he began; but the editor, looking up at the tall, timid youth, interrupted. "Just throw the manuscript in the waste-basket, please," he said. "I'm very busy just now, and haven't time to do it myself." Mr. Ade obeyed calmly. He resumed: "I have come from the Theater, and the manuscript I have just thrown in the waste-basket is your comic farce of 'The Erring Son,' which the manager asks me to return to you with thanks. He suggests that you sell it to an undertaker, to be read at funerals." Then Mr. Ade smiled gently and withdrew.

In the absence of a minister, Judge James F. Read, who was born and lived in Kentucky before moving to Western Kansas, was once unexpectedly called upon to say a few words at the burial, near Fort Smith, of a man who was comfortably well off in worldly possessions, but neglectful of his spiritual welfare. "My friends," the judge said, solemnly, "we are gathered here to-day to pay a final tribute to our friend, who has already solved the mysteries of the great hereafter. He did not have the reputation of a religious man, and yet he lived the life of a noble Kentucky gentleman. He had good horses, and he ran 'em. He had good seegars, and he smoked 'em. He had good whiskey, and he drank it. He had good game-cocks, and he fit 'em. For such is the kingdom of heaven."

Rice Alexander Pierce of Tennessee had just concluded an impassioned speech of five minutes, in which he had torn to tatters the Republican party's tariff position as revealed in its efforts in behalf of Cuba. The Hon. "Ike" Hill, Democratic whip, succeeded in reaching him to offer congratulations before he had taken his seat and while the Democrats were yet cheering. "That was a great speech," said Hill, "but while you were talking an idea came to me that would simply swamp 'em. They couldn't get a ray from it." "Let me have it, quick," said Pierce. "I'll ask for another minute." Hill's brows contracted and he gave an imitation of an understudy in a heavy thinking part. "Quick!" said Pierce. "Somebody else will ask for the floor." Colonel Ike scratched his head for a moment and appeared to be in pain. "By gads! Rice," he said, "do you know, that idea has slipped my mind entirely."

That there is nothing new under the sun is as true now as in the days of Solomon. No doubt much of Roman prowess was due to the universal use of baths by all classes. The modern tendency is to return to the use of natural treatment. Unquestionably the waters compounded in Nature's laboratory are the best remedies, chief agents, among these, from medical references, is the "St. Catharines Well," located in St. Catharines, the "Garden City" of Canada. Here will be found every facility for rest, recuperation and comfort where exists a happy combination of family life and life and sanitarium attachments for those desiring same. It is time that Canadians were sensible of the resources of their own country and that it is not necessary to go over the border to procure either the necessities or the luxuries of life.

## What "Dixie" Did.

Brigadier-General "Jack" Hayes was an aide on the staff of General Kilpatrick during the Civil War.

When a hand-organ began playing "Dixie" the other night he left his seat in front of a local hotel and went into the house.

"Why don't you like 'Dixie'?" asked a friend.

"On our march to the sea," said General Hayes, "we were tearing up a railroad, building bonfires of the ties and laying the rails across them until heated red-hot and then twisting them about trees and telegraph-poles. A bunch of Confederates attacked us. General Kilpatrick ordered me to take out three bands and begin playing, hoping to delay the main attack until we had destroyed railroad communication."

"I deployed the bands, and they gave the Rebs the finest line of music they ever heard. Finally all of them stopped."

"Play more patriotic airs," I ordered.

"We don't know any more," said the three bandmasters in concert.

"Well, give 'em 'Dixie,'" I said.

"The bands played 'Dixie,' and those Confederates let out the rebel yell and started for us and gave us the worst licking we got on the march to the sea. That's why I don't seem to like 'Dixie.'"

—San Francisco "Bulletin."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

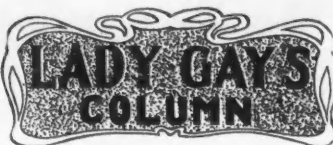
—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."

—The "Rock Shop."



**LADY GAY'S COLUMN**

At this time of year one has rosy views of humanity, for humanity is at its best. People are kind and generous and forgiving and sympathetic in a very heartsome and blessed way, and one recognizes lots of good in erstwhile grumpy folk, which responds and expands to the genial atmosphere of Christmas. It will be well to remember during the coming year that one saw old Stiffneck carrying five parcels, and Madame Kalsomine flushing naturally over the diverse draggings of three small pairs of hands. And perhaps it will do us good to reflect on the genial pose we are taking ourselves, overlooking much tiresomeness and selfishness which we don't ourselves possess, and finding counterbalancing attractions in those who try to impose upon us. I can fancy nothing more acutely painful than an arrangement at Christmas time; one would needs be in conflict with all the timely influences and would suffer horribly from that, even if not on personal grounds. The scroffer at Christmas celebrations has miswritten and misread benefit; it is to all humanity, apart from its religious significance entirely. Our souls are sensitive to sweet suggestions of general impulse, our minds are worn upon by the persistent iteration of the season's shibboleths, we find ourselves better tuned, softer hearted, more receptive, responsive and accessible when all around rouses and appeals to our gentler, broader, kinder traits, and if for this only, let the bells ring, the merry voices sing, and the whole city glow and shine with Christmas cheer.

Amid the jollification there rings for those who make this paper one minor chord. It may not be amiss to mention it, if only in tribute to the bright mind, the sensitive soul and loyal, loving heart which will never again unite their efforts to make interest and pleasure for the readers of "Saturday Night." He who was known to some of you as "Lance," and under other descriptive names de plume, the earnest, the exquisitely painstaking, the thoughtful and sympathetic, the quaintly humorous, the good comrade and affectionate friend and co-worker of Lady Gay, has passed from the known to the unknown, gone a step on from what we are to what we may be. There is universal regret and sorrow in our circle, and from the grayest head to the blindest boy we mourn him, and our thoughts and sympathies are with the young widow and girlie whom he loved so well and of whom he was so proud. Only once in our years of work together did the business of our calling bring us into contact with a sudden awakening to the depth and worth of our mutual understanding and esteem, which transformed a dispute into the recognized beginning of a real friendship. I am sure that had it been for me to have gone through the gates first, there would have been a more valuable tribute than the few poor words of affectionate regret and personal loss which I whisper to his memory.

The English mail is in! What doesn't that mean to some of us? As we read in the letter-box, or the letter-stick, more properly, I had a great surprise (I always do, not counting on them, you know), and it was only a question of which one first, as I glanced over my prizes. There was the "loyal friend," a woman, good people who say such is not to be belied, with her little daisy in the corner of green, the "Baby," also; you who have read this column for years will remember her and our skylark time a-while in Old Erin; she sends me a two-faced photo of herself and her "baby," for a good many things, babies included, can come into one's sitting room. My very dearest friend of all, who has the power to make me long more for beautiful England than anyone else, sends a couple of exquisite amateur Cambridge photos of Rickman's Bridge over the Cam, and a glimpse of the Tower of St. John's Chapel, with a bit of the Cam, and as I live! a boy with two people in it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California, upon it, that might as well be ourselves, as we roved there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the banks of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard



## On Buying Things Abroad.

By Jerome Hart.

**W**HAT traveler has not dreamed of drinking genuine curacao in the little island where grow the orange groves of Curacao? Of sipping the real Turkish coffee in Turkey? Of smoking the authentic Egyptian cigarettes in Egypt? Of eating rich, melting, luscious Smyrna figs in Smyrna? Of washing one's hands with the only original Castile soap castled in fair Castile?

How do these travelers' dreams materialize? Alas and alack! They are but clouds and shadows. They don't come true.

For on the beautiful islet in the Leeward Island group where grew the groves of Curacao orange-trees in the aforetime, there are now none. But the world, being used to the flavor of the Curacao oranges in its curacao, will tolerate no other. So the world has its way. The liqueur curacao is still made in large quantities, but it is not a Curacao liqueur. It is made out of everything—as it is an orange liqueur, even of oranges sometimes; but the Amsterdam house that handles it largely is said to make it mostly out of potato alcohol and prune juice.

How about the delicious Egyptian cigarettes? The delicate Egyptian tobacco? Alas again! The native Egyptian tobacco is so bad that nobody smokes it but the natives, and not even they when they can get anything else. In Egypt, as in so many places, the tobacco comes from Somewhere Else. The highest grade tobacco there apparently is imported from Europe—from Roumelia. The next best comes from Northern Syria—the best-known grade of this tobacco being known to Europeans as "Latakia," although not so called in Egypt. Persian tobacco is also imported. In short, Egypt imports the tobacco, the wrappers, the boxes, and the smokers, and then you have the Egyptian cigarette.

"But still," contends the enthusiast, "there can be no coffee like the genuine Turkish coffee. Ah, think of the Arabian Nights! And Scheherazade! And Lady What's-her-Name, the English peeress who wore Turkish trousers, lived in Turkey for years, and sipped Turkish coffee with Turkish pashas. And of the bearded sheiks in the desert—with bubble-bubble pipes—and harems of beautiful black-eyed hours—all sitting on divans—and all sipping coffee—with all the comforts of a home—out in the desert! Come, now! You must give in on the Turkish coffee."

To this I can only reply that they may have had good coffee in Turkey in the time when Sultan Haroun-al-Raschid walked his city's streets incognito, but they have not now. You can get better Turkish coffee (so called) in New York than in Turkey; you can get much better Turkish coffee in the Hoffman House than you can in Istanbul, Pera, Scutari, Smyrna, Beyrout, Jerusalem or Cairo.

How about the luscious figs of Smyrna? Well, my experience was that the nearer we got to Smyrna the poorer grew the figs. When we reached Beyrout they were pretty bad; when we were off Smyrna, the peddlers brought some aboard that were very bad; when we got ashore at Smyrna, we were offered some on the quay that were worse in the hotel they were wormy, and when we got into the heart of Smyrna the figs were able to walk around the dealer's counter. It is a cold fact that we have purchased in the leading groceries of San Francisco very much finer Smyrna figs than we have seen in Smyrna.

If it be asked how can Smyrna figs be purchased in San Francisco which are superior to the Smyrna figs on sale in Smyrna, the answer is that they are specially selected and specially packed. They are stamped in English on the boxes "Packed by Turkish labor." Some of them are stamped "Washed Figs." From the fig-dealers and handlers I saw in Smyrna, I think it much more essential that the fig-handlers should be washed.

I used to be very fond of Smyrna figs before I went to Smyrna.

I have not eaten any since.

I shall never eat any again.

Never mind why.

The subject of washing naturally brings me back to soap. In Castile I found no Castile soap. They did not know what I meant; they had never heard of Castile soap. This irritated me, so I began investigating the Castile-soap problem. I learned—or was told—that Castile soap is not made in Castile; is not sold in Castile; is not used in Castile; that it is made in Marseilles out of olive oil imported from Palestine. Thus we note this strange anomaly—the name given to a soap comes from a country which knows naught of this particular soap. It is manufactured in a city using little or no soap, out of materials coming from a country which uses no soap at all.—The "Argonaut."

## An Age of Superlatives.

**A**LL agree that the times in which we are living shall be called the age of electricity, but there is nothing to prevent giving this swift-moving epoch still another name. Why not call it the age of superlatives? Nowadays the average person never strikes a balance. He forces up the scales with one hand or presses them down with the other, and promptly announces that the thing weighed is the best or the worst. Nothing is just good or merely bad. It must be given a superlative. Thus two lovers are always the happiest people in the world, or the unhappiest. Happy and unhappy wouldn't begin to express their feelings. Take the phrasing of ordinary letters between women. Cutest, finest, prettiest, ugliest and such words abound on every page. As a whole, the missive is a perfect jungle of superlatives. Letters of friendship between men are little better. They, too, take most of their words off the top shelf. One hundred per cent. of villainy is generally attributed to enemies, and the same amount of praise to friends. Things seem far as royalty or as meanly, according to the way they affected the writer.

Country correspondents of newspapers have an apparently unbreakable habit of sending in stories of the "most disastrous" fires, "the worst storm that ever visited this section," the death of the "most prominent" citizens and "most diabolical" crimes. What these writers would do without the word "most" arouses a curiosity that will never be satisfied. The "most disastrous" fire



## Malt Purity

Ale brewed from malt alone possesses important dietic properties that are lacking in common ales.

Carling's Ale is brewed from the purest and most scientifically prepared malt, and contains more food and less alcohol than common ales.

That is why it is so regularly prescribed by family physicians for building up their patients.

No Ale is equal to Carling's for medicinal purposes.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

## Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

may not have caused over a thousand dollars' loss; the "worst" storm may have confined its capers to blowing down a few fence rails and turning over a cowshed; the "most" prominent citizen may have been just a plain storekeeper, and the "most diabolical crime" may have been an ordinary butchery, but the country correspondent has the superlative habit and thinks it is part of his duty to go the limit on everything. As a rule, the editor who reads the copy carefully removes the superlatives. Often he warns the correspondent, but the offending continues. In the age of superlatives the man who uses them is a slave to environment.

Shift the scene to the metropolis. There even the bootblack puts out a sign reading, "Best shine in the city." Go higher, and nearly every merchant has the "best goods at the cheapest price." Everywhere one is offered the "greatest bargains." Theatrical posters tell of the cleverest people, the funniest plays and the grandest productions. Not long ago a vaudeville performer was advertised as "the craziest soubrette on the American stage." That certainly is the limit for superlatives. The habit is in full swing. Who shall find a cure?

## Reserve Force.

In these days of hurry and worry and bustle most people, men and women, are living up to the "limit." That is to say, they use up day by day all the force and energy nature provides, and consequently have nothing in reserve to meet the extra demand of illness, bereavement or other nervous shocks. Of course this is all wrong, and we must either live differently or assist nature to furnish the reserve force we should possess.

It is easy to say live differently, but most people find that the demands of their business or social position render it practically impossible; then we must accept the other alternative and give nature a helping hand. In no other way can this be done so effectively as by taking a course of FERROL, the ideal concentrated medical food, which combines in a beautiful and palatable emulsion Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus, the very essentials for producing force of the right kind because they build up, strengthen and develop tissue, nerve and brain and make the blood rich, warm, pure and healthy.

At all druggists. Sample free from the FERROL COMPANY (Limited).

## Tea-Blossom's Love Story.

**M**ORE than ever like a picture on a fan she looked, I thought, upon this last day.

I noticed a new light in her pretty, slanting eyes. Her tiny feet seemed to glide rhythmically to unheard music—unheard to us, to her perhaps soul-born. Even the tea she poured and served so daintily exhaled an unusually delicious fragrance through her little tea-room.

As she poised a lump of sugar questioningly over my cup our eyes met. She smiled radiantly.

"You look happy, little Tea-Blossom," I said. By this name she was known to her admiring patrons.

"I am of so happy," she said shyly. "I like to dance what you call those—oh, cake dances!"

"You are going to be married," I said sternly.

Coquettishly she shook her head.

"Marry? Me? Who would marry with me? Oh, no! no! no! It is, Highness, that I go'n' back to Japan. I haf mak' money nuf, and—now, with the cherry-blossoms, I shall be—in Japan," she murmured rapturously.

"Some one in Japan is waiting for little Tea-Blossom?" I asked, teasingly.

"Oh, yea! My honorable father an' honorable mother," she answered, blushing furiously.

And who else?" I urged.

Diving down into the folds of her scarlet obi, she found her little fan, which she flirted coolingly.

"Tell me, little one," I persisted (for we all petted her outrageously, this doll of the Orient, we delighted so in her quaintly worded chatter).

"I—don't—lik—for—tell," she said softly.

I had no pity. "You must tell me," I said gently, but firmly.

"I—mus'—she repeated innocently; then, with a rapid gaze into space, she spoke as though looking at some form beyond my vision.

"Those—man that wait for—me is the most nice gent in Japan, he's best, yea, he's best—as what—ye call—those Great Augustness? those Pres-dant? Yea, I—lik him," she said shyly, then with delicious naivete explained, "that

Japanese."

"Oh," I commented dryly, "you like him! Does he like you?"

"He—ast—for to marry—with me; that's cause I came away to 'Merica. My—my oncle? Yea, that's right, my oncle he don't lig that honorable man."

"Why?"

"I don't—know! Yea, that's lie, I know, I tell! Tea's why."

"Tea?" I echoed.

"Yea, Highness, my—my oncle—he sent his tea to 'Merica, also that ver' nice gent he sent his tea to 'Merica; those—what you call? ah, yea, they mak mad bof with each other' bout that tea," she concluded fluently.

"I see. But tell me, little one, what is your sweetheart's name?"

Like a Jacque rose she flamed redly; passing sweet she looked, her modesty suddenly wounded by my directness.

"That—man," she said courteously, "he's honorable name—is—too—ver' hard for 'Merican lady to—spic."

"Thank you," I responded. (Out of the mouths of dolls cometh reproof at times.)

She filled my cup again in silence with great gravity, but again my curiosity arose rampant.

"And when you go back, little one, you will marry this Japanese?"

"Yea, if—my oncle—wish," she replied with Oriental composure.

"Surely, if you love each other, you will marry."

"In Japan maidens must obey dere—what those you say—dere boss—no, no, dere parents."

"But your uncle is not your father?"

"No, Augustness, my father is ver' miserably poor; my oncle is my father's father's son; he give—my honorable parents much food, much money," she replied deferentially.

"And this tea quarrel?"

"That's him! That's him!" exclaimed the little fan lady eagerly. "Quarrel! That's mos' gran' word—not 'mad'—quarrel—I lig—that—quarrel."

"Tell me about it," I prompted.

"I tell, yea. My oncle he sell bad tea an' mak'—no much money; that man—my frien'—yae, he sell mos' best tea and mak' an—money—much money."

My oncle—he lies, he—ah, what you say? yea, cheats. That nize man he don't lie—he always—fraud for lie—he neva'r don't put bad stuff—I don't know 'Merican word—mak' tea like—pity! Yea, I—dye!"

"I see," I said. He always dye his tea, that Japanese—sen' clean tea to 'Merica—so!"

"And you are really going home next week? But not alone, surely!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Highness, Yokime, he tak' me—back—he tea merchant."

"How we shall all miss you, sweet child!" I said tenderly.

We social idlers loved her as one loves a pet canary. Her bright eyes gladdened with appreciation.

"I—habby my honorable ladies so lig—me," she answered simply.

Then, excusing herself a moment, she vanished behind a gorgeous screen.

In another moment she was back. In the folds of her kimono she had something.

"I mak' a—bes—present—you ver' rize with Japanese—maiden; here is a lil—box of those tea."

"Not your 'tea of gold'?" I exclaimed, astounded by her generosity, for the tea was of fabulous value.

"Yea, Highness, that Japanese—he told me—in a letter—to give at the ver' last—all that gold tea to my august ladies that they think—for me—some-times, when I—be—in—Japan," she murmured dreamily. "He no sell—he give—that bes' gran' tea to me—I sell—mak' money—to—bring home—to—my—honorable father. That Japanese neva'r charge me aeny money. My honorable father lig—hear that—an—"

"He will?"

"He will—say—to my oncle—he mus' also lig—those—man."

"You mean your father, having all that money, will be able to persuade your rich uncle to give his consent to your marriage to—"

"Those—man," answers Tea-Blossom with continued but polite reserve.

She is gone! Not a vestige of her dainty little tea-room remains.

No one knows even her real name. She would never disclose it—"Lippin-cott's Magazine."

Toronto to New York.

The morning train for New York leaves 9.45 a.m., via C.P.R., arriving New York 10 p.m. same day (except Sunday), via New York Central. Evening train leaves 5.20 p.m. daily, carrying through sleeper to New York and dining car to Buffalo, arriving New York 7.50 next morning.

## How to Manage a Wife.

A great many methods have been suggested as to the best way to manage a husband, but up to date no one has thought it best to guide the poor husband. The following will therefore be found the best way to manage a wife. It has never been known to fail.

Never contradict her. You are right, of course, nine times out of ten, and she knows it, but to tell her so makes her always unmanageable.

Never oppose her. When she suggests that in the absence of the cook you get up and light the fire, do so at once, willingly and cheerfully. If she wishes you to walk the floor with the baby obey with alacrity.

Never deny her. Possibly she will exceed her allowance, but this is always your fault, because you are not man enough to support her.

Never be cross. When you come home at night, having failed once or twice during the day, or been insulted by a total stranger, or with a large, powerful pain in your stomach, laugh it off, and conceal your real feelings.

Never tell her the truth. When she asks you how you like her new hat swear that it's the greatest thing for the money you ever saw. When she shows you her new gown, be lost in admiration. When she is cross and irritable, tell her she is an angel.

Never disagree with her. When she suggests that you have a cold and need a hot mustard plaster, grin and bear it. When she tells you she needs a change, tell her that you are glad she mentioned it.

Never interrupt her.

This is the only way to manage a wife.—Tom Masson.

**The Short Route to the South.**

Pennsylvania Railroad Through Vestibule Trains Leaving Buffalo Morning and Night Make Direct Connection at Washington for Florida and all Gulf Coast Winter Resorts.

Vacations are just as necessary in winter as in summer. Nowhere can a vacation be more enjoyably spent than among the pines of North and South Carolina, or the palms and flowers of Florida and the many resorts along the Gulf coast. To reach these wintering points the Pennsylvania Railroad offers through solid vestibule trains of Pullman cars and standard coaches, leaving Buffalo, Exchange street station, daily at 9.00 a.m. and 8.50 p.m. for Washington, making direct connection at that point with through high-grade trains to all points in the South and Southwest. The day trains are equipped with a buffet service. Close connection may be made at Buffalo with the trains from Toronto and other Canadian points. For full information concerning routes, rates and time-tables address B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent, Buffalo District, 307 Main street, Buffalo, N.Y.

## A Large Fish.

An Englishman, visiting Lake Tahoe, asked a native if there was any good fishing in the lake.

"Oh, yea, stranger."

"What kind of fish do you catch here?"

"Oh, all kinds, stranger."

"What is the weight of the largest fish you ever caught?"

"Wa'al, stranger, we don't take weighing machines when we goes fishing, and I am an honest man, and wouldn't like to say how much that last trout I caught would weigh. But I tell you, stranger, that when I pulled that fish out of the water the lake went down a foot."—Birmingham "Post."

## She Did Not Object.

That Bessie is an indefatigable exponent of the strenuous life is a fact fully realized by her exhausted family. They follow in the wake of her small investigating person with remonstrances and soothing ointments from the rising to the setting of the sun. She has an elder brother who has learned to look upon her activity more in sorrow than in anger.

One Sunday noon he stood gravely before the fire, his youthful mind hazy with recollections of the morning's lesson and his teacher's insistence upon the sin of Sabbath-breaking, when suddenly his eye fell upon the incorrigible Bessie. There she sat on the floor in one corner of the room, her chubby face all frivolity and smiles, dolls to the left of her, dolls to the right of her, and a kitten ecstatically plunging after a piece of string the other end of which her pink hands held. One glance was



SPECIAL REGULAR PRICE, \$32.00.  
... FOR \$28.00.

This is a value that stands scrutiny—something for the smart but economical dresser to think about—our regular \$32 Oxford and Cambridge Cheviots—tailored to your order in highest class style for \$28.

R. SCORE &amp; SON

77 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

## A Helping Hand to Nature

To induce sleep, develop an appetite, energize the body and clear the brain, take

**BYRRH**  
TONIC WINE.  
A Natural Remedy for Exhaustion.

HUDON, HERBERT &amp; CO., AGENTS, MONTREAL.

## CHRISTMAS

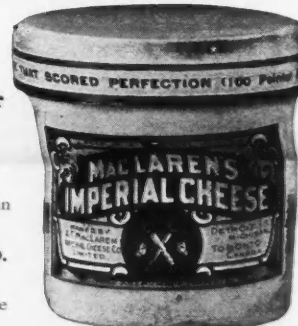
Do not forget a jar of

## Imperial Cheese

It is the highest standard of excellence in Canada.

A. F. MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co.  
Toronto LIMITED

Our opal jars are imitated, but Imperial Cheese cannot be.



## Superb Skin

is obtained and maintained by using

## 'DARTRING LANOLINE'

No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'. No imitation can be called 'Dartring'.

'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in collapsible tubes.

'DARTRING LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP.

## THE HOME SAVINGS &amp; LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

75 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO., SINCE 1854

ROOFTOP TO RECEIVE

"THE HOME BANK OF CANADA."

Assets, \$3,000,000.00.

3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents

Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHECKS.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. SATURDAY 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

## Best Quality COAL AND WOOD AT Lowest Prices

**LIST OF OFFICES:**

3 KING EAST  
413 Yonge Street  
798 Yonge Street  
578 Queen Street West  
415 Spadina Avenue  
Bathurst Street (opposite Front Street)  
306 Queen Street East  
1352 Queen Street West  
204 Wellesley Street  
Esplanade East (near Berkeley Street)  
Esplanade East (foot of Church Street)  
389 Pape Avenue (at G.T.R. Crossing)  
1131 Yonge Street (at C.P.R. Crossing)  
238 Leaside Avenue (near Dundas St.)

## The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited

enough for the elder brother, and he strode at once towards the prodigal.

"Bessie," he demanded sternly, "do you want to go to Hell?"

Without a moment's hesitation the

string was dropped, up scrambled the fat little legs, and off trotted Bessie towards the door, calling over her shoulder:

"Jus' wait till I get my hat, Ha'wy."







"If it's From Michie's it's Good"



No better Wines grace any table than those offered for your selection at Michie's, and there is variety to suit all tastes.

**Port and Sherry**

are favorite dessert wines and of these we offer a wide choice ranging from

**\$1.00 to \$1.75 Bottle.**

**Michie & Co.**

7 King Street West

Telephone Main 846

1904 CONTROLLER 1904

Your Vote and Influence Respectfully Solicited for the Election of

**JOSEPH OLIVER**

As Controller

Election, January 1st, 1904.

WARD No. 4.

Your vote and influence respectfully solicited for the Re-election of...

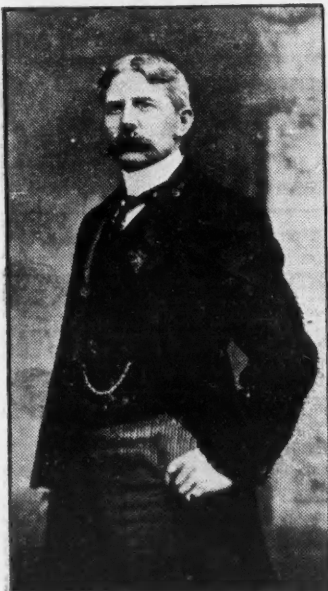
**ALD. S. W. BURNS** As **ALDERMAN** for 1904.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR THE ELECTION OF

**GEO. H. GOODERHAM**

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

Election New Year's Day.



**M. RAWLINSON**

Candidate for

**Board of Education**

1904-1905

A Man of Large Business Experience

**W. H. SHAW**

Public School Trustee.



Solicits Your Valued Support and Co-operation in his Candidature for the

**BOARD of EDUCATION**

See Carnahan's IMPORTED PERFUMES and Christmas Goods

W. J. A. & H. CARNAHAN, Druggists and Chemists

Prof. Dorenwend Wishes One and All a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Ladies, bear in mind that for the holidays we are specially prepared to serve you with fine styles in all kinds of Hair Goods, such as Wigs, Bangs, Switches, etc. Hair Ornaments in all kinds of designs. Our hair-dressing rooms are the largest and most complete on the continent for hair-dressing, shampooing, etc. Telephone Main 1551. Our hair-dressing rooms will be closed on Christmas Day.

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Limited, 103 and 105 Yonge Street, Toronto

**Social and Personal.**

On next Wednesday afternoon Principal and Mrs. Manley will receive the "old girls" of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute to tea at four o'clock in the college hall. The old girls, not alumnae, or any other disguise, but just the "old schoolgirls" who during the last thirty years have passed through a course of instruction in the Collegiate Institute, are cordially invited to foregather on Wednesday afternoon and take tea, and enjoy a chat and assist in the formation of an old girls' association. Old girls are not like old boys—they change their names, and are submerged in matrimony, not a tenth, but a ninetieth part of them, and, once married, it's hard to trace them from the Collegiate register. Therefore are the old girls bidden in this manner to come and enjoy tea and talk with each other and

their host and hostess next Wednesday.

The Harbord alumnae are giving a fancy dress dance on Tuesday, December 29th, in St. George's Hall, at 7.30 p.m. All members of the Harbord alumnae are invited, and each member is asked to wear a mask.

Mrs. J. Bolton Reade is now settled in her new home, 208 Macpherson avenue, and will receive on the second and fourth Fridays in the new year.

When everyone is distractedly trying to do ten things at once, and the small refinements of life are being sorrowfully pushed aside because of want of time for personal supervision, the hostess often sighs "to be two women." Next best to being two women oneself is to find an "alter ego" who will understand and carry out one's ideas and may be safely trusted with arrangements needing knowledge and taste. I have been moved to these remarks by the information that another Toronto lady has announced herself ready to undertake the decoration of dinner, luncheon and supper-tables (supplying for the purpose antique epergnes, urn and candelabra), the writing of invitations, neat and careful packing of trunks, and general suggestions regarding entertainments. In New York and London several ladies have secured a large clientele and considerable income in such occupations. I trust that the lady who allows me to mention her enterprising departure (Mrs. Alfred Plummer of 63 Madison avenue) will have her hands full this season, and prove a comfort by her skill and savoir faire to many a busy and overstrained hostess. Mrs. Plummer may be telephoned to at her home.

**Lady Minto's Appreciation.**

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming have the pleasure to announce that they have been honored with instructions from her Excellency Lady Minto to forward a "Gourlay" piano to Government House.

The compliment is all the more highly valued as the instrument is for the personal use of her daughter, Lady Ruby Elliot, and came unsolicited, through their appreciation of the piano, one of them being in the music-room of an Ottawa friend, where it came under the notice of her Excellency.

It is gratifying, indeed, to observe the recognition being won by the superior merits of Canadian-made instruments, as represented in the "Gourlay."

The pictorial excellence, originality and grace of the portraits by Mr. Henderson of Boston, which are to be on exhibition in Messrs. Robert's gallery, 51 King street west, commencing December 29, lifts them completely away from the commonplace into the realm of distinct art. An added interest is imparted to the collection by the presence of many portraits of socially prominent Canadians, among whom are the following: Lady Laurier, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Mrs. H. Montagu Allen, Mrs. Charles Meredith, Mrs. Berkeley Powell, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross, Mr. Fayette Brown, George E. Drummond, Rodolphe Forget, J. G. Adams, M.D., Mrs. George Cantlie and her children, Captain Bruce and Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. Frank May and the Misses Clouston, Sutherland, Lindsay and Brown, and many others.



Why not Eye-Glasses?

They would make an exceedingly good gift for the New Year. You will not regret it if you bring your oculist's prescription to

CHAS. P. JETER, Optician, 85 Yonge Street

**SHEA'S THEATER**

Matinee Daily WEEK DEC. 28 Mats. 25 Evgs. 25, 30

**Holdin's Manikins**

The Most Perfect Mechanical Figures

Snyder & Buckley

Max Wellson Troupe

Wonderful Novelty Act

The Dillon Bros.

The Parodists

May Edwin & Fred Edwards

Presenting "A Bachelor's Dream."

Chas. Ernest

Blackface Comedian

Harper, Desmond and Bailey

In a New Comic Act

THE KINETOGRAPH

Presenting "Alice in Wonderland."

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

Poettinger's Swedish Ladies' Quintette

In Native Songs and Dance

**COMING?**

If you are you'll say you never enjoyed yourself so much before. Over one hundred Commercial Travelers take part in our Annual Entertainment in **MASSEY HALL** on the

**29th**

Don't forget the date, it comes on a **TUESDAY**

Plan of reserved seats open at the Hall on the 29th.

General Admission, 25c. Reserved seats, 15 and 25 cts. extra.



**My Lady's Writing Desk**

Perhaps no piece of feminine furniture affords opportunity for such fine discrimination in the selection as a lady's secretary or writing table. It is of as intimate a personal nature as a dressing table, yet it is more in view to the visitor, and consequently more necessary to be "just right."

To make a proper selection it is therefore necessary to have a large range to choose from.

Ours is perhaps the largest collection in Canada and it has been selected with all the skill and experience this house can command.

We have mahogany desks and writing tables, plain and inlaid, some polished and some dull finished, some semi-circular and others oblong, scarcely any two alike in design, all very dainty, very pretty, suggestive of femininity in every line.

Writing Tables—\$20, \$21, \$39, \$40, \$76 and \$140.

Desks—\$10.50, \$18.50, \$25, \$42.50, \$52, \$66, \$70 and \$80.

Any of the above are suitable for bedrooms, boudoirs, dens or drawing-rooms.

Also a nice collection weathered oak pieces for dens or dining-rooms or libraries, one 44 inches long of quaint design and old-fashioned brass trimmings, with a wealth of nooks and drawers, \$44.50.

Many other beautiful pieces in this wood and finish especially suitable for libraries and dining-rooms, for \$15, \$17.50, \$22.50, \$28 and \$43.50.

**John Kay, Son & Co., Limited**

36-38 King Street West, Toronto



719 YONGE ST.

Phones North 2004 and 2005 (Long-Distance)

Ices delivered New Year's Day

New Year's Cake

Short-Bread

Plum Pudding

**JENKINS' & ANTIQUES**

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

The most Extensive, Varied and Original Collection of Presents in the City are to be found at our

**Antique Galleries**

COMPRISING—Old Sheffield Plate Jewellery, Fine Cut Glass, Candelabra, Old China, Ornaments, Dainty Furniture, etc.

These Objects of Art Form Original Presents Highly Appreciated by all, and we invite those in search of CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS to pay an early visit of inspection.

**B. M. & T. JENKINS**

BRANCHES—Montreal, London and Birmingham, England.

422-424 YONGE ST.

**PRINCESS THEATER** ONE WEEK BEGINNING Monday, Dec. 28

MATINEES—Wednesday, Saturday and New Year's Day

First Appearance in Canada, Fresh From Her Five Months' Run at the Herald Square and Madison Square Theaters, New York, of the Distinguished American Actress

**GRACE GEORGE**

Supported by Robert Lorraine and an Excellent Acting Company of Seventy Persons in

**WM. A. BRADY'S**

Superior Production of Frances Aymar Mathews' Play

**PRETTY PEGGY**

A Romance of Theatrical London a Century Ago.

**LORA NEWMAN**

PIANO VIRTUOSO

Pupil of the world-renowned Leschetizky. Recently returned from Vienna. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For dates and terms, etc., apply at Nordheimer's, King Street, or 975 Jarvis Street.

**MRS. A. E. PLUMMER**

63 Madison Ave. Telephone N. 1336.

Holiday tables decorated, invitations written. Trunks neatly packed. Orders taken for Christmas Puddings and Mince Meat.

**Vogue**



The Short Waists seen at the smart Receptions, Teas and other social functions are no longer the simple affairs of a few years ago, but are artistic combinations of silks, laces, chiffons, etc., forming a charming *fout ensemble*.

Many of the most attractive that have lately been seen at "King Edward" and other society events were designed and finished at our establishment. Of course there are an infinite number of styles and cuts—some tailor-made and suitable for "Matinee"; others with bewildering profusion of lace and trimming. To be in perfect taste, however, the style must be adapted to the figure and complexion, and we give the correct suggestions.

**M. FRANKLIN**

11 1/2 Richmond St. West, Toronto Telephone—Main 175

10 and 20 Per Cent. off on all Orders for

Balance of Season.

All Trimmed Millinery At Cost

MDE. JOAN BISHOP

MISS ALEXANDER

406 and 408 Yonge Street. Tel.—Main 3077

**MRS. MEYER'S PARLORS**

AT SUNNYSIDE

are again open for engagements to large and small parties. The floor is perfect. Luncheons first-class only. For terms address

**P. V. MEYER,**

1801 Queen Street West Or 'Phone Park 905.

**Geo. S. McConkey's**

RESTAURANT

BALL, RECEPTION and ASSEMBLY ROOMS

Afternoon Tea...

**Hurrah!**

**Davies Brewery Co.'s**

Malt Beverages

So Pure So Pleasant

Best in Canada!

Phone 5206 Main. For sale by many stores and Hotels

**LEMATRE'S CELEBRATED Cold Cream**

The most exquisite toilet luxury of the day. Imparts to the skin a delicate whiteness and velvety smoothness. Is

Cooling, Healing and Antiseptic

PROCURABLE ONLY AT

**Lemaitre's Pharmacies**

142 KING STREET WEST

AND 256 QUEEN STREET WEST

PRICE, 25c., 35c. and 60c.

**FINE CUTLERY**

Repairing and Sharpening

Table Knives, Carvers, Scissors, Razors, Penknives.

'Phone M. 3997

**Nicholson's Cutlery Store**

50 YONGE STREET

**CHINA PAINTERS**

**Mrs. J. B. Young**

invites inspection of her importations of **White China** for decorative purposes.

Also...

**Buttons, Studs, Brooches, Buckles**

and other novelties and mountings for same.

Firing and Gilding Done.

**Room 1, Medical Building**

48 Richmond West. Mrs. J. B. Young

**BONDS for the TRUSTED**

Fidelity bonds for all persons in positions of trust. We issue them for officers and employees of all concerns—banks, telephone, telegraph and secret societies of all descriptions. Write for particulars.

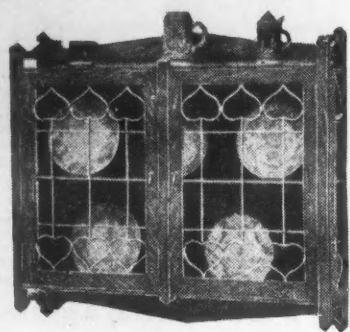
**The London Guarantee and Accident Co. LIMITED**

D. W. Alexander, General Manager for Canada, Canada Life Building, Toronto



## ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE

## Wall Cabinets and Plate Racks



No. 74—Plate Rack, in weathered oak, 41 inches wide by 18 inches high; net.....\$5.50

No. 535—Book Shelf, in weathered oak, 36 inches wide by 18 inches high; net.....\$5.25

No. 532—Book Shelf, in weathered oak, 36 inches wide by 18 inches high; net.....\$5.50

A novel addition to our stock consists of a line of Wall Cabinets, Plate Racks and Book Shelves, in weathered oak and mahogany, some open, others with leaded glass doors. A more artistic bit of Furniture at a moderate price than one of these it would be hard to find.

No. 503—Wall Cabinet, in weathered oak, 34 inches wide by 23 inches high, with leaded glass doors; net.....\$12.00

No. 508—Wall Cabinet, in weathered oak, 32 inches wide by 30 inches high, with leaded glass doors; net.....\$17.00

No. 507—Wall Cabinet, in weathered oak, 38 inches wide by 15½ inches high, with leaded glass doors; net.....\$12.00

**Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Limited**  
97 YONGE STREET

## Holiday Greetings

Cook's wish their numerous patrons many happy returns of the festive season and a bright and prosperous New Year and trust to meet all their old patrons and many new ones in their cosy premises during the year 1904.

**Cook's Turkish Baths**  
202-204 King Street West - Toronto

## Steam Boiler Insurance

This class of insurance is the most important in that not only does a policy of this kind give the assured protection against the hazard of damage done by explosions, but also gives to the assured a sense of satisfaction that his steam plant is under the care of responsible

## Consulting Engineers

who regularly inspect his boilers both internally and externally.

## The Canadian Casualty and Boiler Insurance Co.

with Head Offices at 22 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, make a specialty of this business, and keep an experienced staff of permanently employed engineers who are constantly working in the interests of their policyholders—the saving of fuel, economic use of power, indication of steam engines. Specifications and plans furnished clients free of cost. The most liberal policy and service in Canada. Engineers and firemen insured free of cost. Write for booklet to Steam Users.

A. G. C. DINNICK, Managing Director.

## NORDHEIMER PIANOS



NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED TORONTO  
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES IN CANADA.



## Social and Personal.

The first of the indoor baseball matches between a nine selected from the ex-militia officers and nine officers now connected with the Toronto garrison will be played in the Armouries this evening at eight o'clock. The young men who have the arrangements in hand have been most energetic, and have disposed of a great number of tickets. The ex-militia officers are Mr. McGraw, Mr. Fred Thompson, Mr. Bert Holland, Mr. Percy Brown, Mr. William Findlay, Mr. James Craig, Mr. William Trimmer and Mr. Jack Connell. Captain Lorne Cosby. The officers of the garrison who are

expected to compete are Captain Elmsley, R.C.D.; Captain Barker, Q.O.R.; Mr. Jack Meredith, Toronto Light Horse; Captain Charles Campbell, 48th Highlanders; Mr. Porter, R.G.; Mr. Drummond Mackay, R.G.; Mr. Orlando Heron, 36th Regiment; Mr. W. Henderson, 48th Highlanders; Mr. William Macell, Q.O.R.; Mr. Norman Cosby, 48th Highlanders.

If you need a good laugh go to the Princess and see the "Earl of Pawtucket," the funniest man in town, and whose impersonation of a "deep-thinking, but not superficially clever," Englishman is a charming bit of character acting.

## Brass Kettles and Chafing Dishes



No. 0206—Polished Brass, Wrought Iron Stand \$4.25 each.



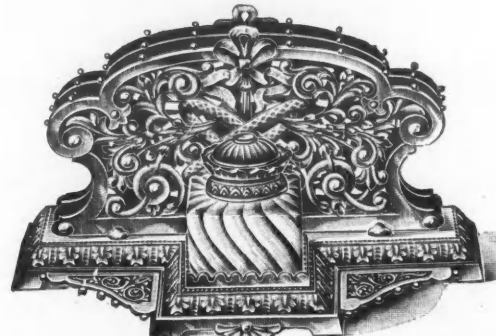
No. 0135—CHAFING DISHES  
Size 2 pints, \$5.50 Each.



No. 0145—Polished Brass, Brass Stand, \$9.50

## Brass Candlesticks

From \$2.50 to \$5.00 Pair



No. 9125—Brass Ink-Stand, \$12.00 Each.

## Brass Waiters

From \$1.50 to \$5.00 Each

Write for Catalogue

Write for Catalogue

RICE LEWIS & SON, LIMITED,  
Cor. King and Victoria Streets, Toronto

## The Board of Education for 1904.

The Citizens' Education Committee has issued the following address to the electors of the city:

Fellow Citizens—The election of the Board of Education on January 1, 1904, will be the most important event that has ever taken place in the educational affairs of our city. A radical departure is to be made in our system of school government, which may prove a blessing or the reverse to the highest interests of ourselves and our children, according to the wisdom with which we as voters meet the crisis. There is, moreover, little doubt that the experiment about to be tried in Toronto will, if successful, give form and direction to the future educational methods and systems of our whole province and country.

By act of the Legislature the Public, High and Technical School Boards, aggregating sixty-seven members, representing various sectional interests, are to be superseded by one small board with twelve members, elected by the city at large.

The new board will have charge of \$2,000,000 worth of the citizens' property; the expenditure annually of nearly \$700,000 of the citizens' taxes, with the extraordinary power of unlimited increase; the education of 37,000 pupils, and the work of over 700 teachers. It will have to provide in the Public schools a sound primary education, and map out for the higher schools such commercial, technical and classical courses as shall be adapted to the needs of an important and progressive community. Its duty will be to see that the fullest opportunity is afforded to the child of the poorest equally with the child of the richest citizen of Toronto to obtain not only a thorough primary education, but an equally thorough one in these higher branches.

In these circumstances a special and weighty responsibility rests upon us all as voters. The character of the first board will largely determine that of future boards. For the wise and economical administration of such large financial interests we need men of large practical business ability and experience, public spirit and undoubted integrity. Above all, to the parents of Toronto the educational interests of their children are too sacred to be entrusted to any but the most capable hands.

The Citizens' Education Committee has been formed to assist their fellow-citizens in securing the best Board of Education obtainable—first, by endeavoring to bring out candidates worthy of so high an office; and, secondly, by enquiring into the merits of the various candidates offering themselves, and recommending such as they consider best qualified. It is, of course, impossible for each individual elector in this large city to ascertain for himself the merits of all the candidates, and the advice of a body of his fellow-citizens, whose only desire is to serve his highest interests, should be of some value in helping him to decide. The committee was appointed at a public meeting, openly called and attended by all classes of the citizens, so that it is a citizens' committee in the fullest sense. Its recommendations are made on the ground of merit alone, and with absolute freedom from sectional, political or any other kind of bias.

The committee would have been glad to be in a position to submit for nomination the full number of twelve names. As this has been found impracticable, they have the honor and pleasure of recommending for the votes and support of their fellow-electors the undermentioned six candidates, who they feel confident will worthily serve the public and educational interests of the city on the new board.

On behalf of the committee,  
John Potts, Chairman.

## CANDIDATES RECOMMENDED.

Byron E. Walker.

General manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. One of the highest financial authorities in Canada, and one of our most enlightened and public-spirited citizens. A man of large experience in business and public affairs, of high educational attainments and of wide general information. For many years a member of the Senate and Board of Trustees of Toronto University. Has always taken a deep interest in all movements to promote the higher life of the city.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings.

The advantages of having women on boards of education are everywhere recognized, and Mrs. Cummings possesses the necessary qualifications in a high degree. Has demonstrated her executive and organizing ability as secretary of the National Council of Women. Is a woman of culture, practical ideas and broad sympathies. Has been for many years engaged in journalistic work. Was largely instrumental in securing the teaching of domestic science in the Technical School, and had much to do in arranging the details of the work.

Alexander C. McKay.

An experienced educationist of the highest standing—a B.A., LL.D. and gold medalist of Toronto University. At present professor in mathematics in McMaster University, with which he has been connected for fourteen years. Has taught in Upper Canada College and Jameson Avenue Collegiate Institute. Is a member of the Educational Council of the Province of Ontario. Two years ago was offered the principalship of the Toronto Technical School.

Alfred W. Briggs.

A practising barrister. An M.A. and LL.B. of Toronto University. Occupies various positions of public trust, among others, honorary secretary-treasurer of the Orthopedic Hospital and honorary secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Copyright Association. A man of broad views and deep interest in educational matters and of first-class administrative ability. A son of the Rev. William Briggs, the well-known publisher.

W. H. Shaw.

A member of the present Public School Board, and though elected only last year, has proved to be one of its most active and efficient members. Has done valuable work as a member of the Property Committee and the School Management Committee. Is a life-long educationist, having been engaged continuously in that work for the past twenty-eight years. Is a specialist in commercial education, with a large fund of practical ideas on the subject.

J. Wilson Gray.

A practising architect; a member of the examining board of the Ontario Association of Architects and representative of the Toronto Chapter of that association on the Technical School Board. Is in a position to know the requirements of the artisan class, and the best means of bringing the Technical School into closer touch with the young mechanics of every line in the city. Has done valuable work in this direction as a member of the Technical School Board. (Cut out above list and keep for reference.)

The Citizens' Education Committee is composed of the following citizens: Rev. John Potts, D.D., chairman; J. D. Allan, J. F. Ellis, W. B. Rogers, J. W. Woods, W. P. Ryrie, Stapleton Caldecott, E. J. Barwick, M.D., F. J. Smale, W. K. McNaught, Albert Horton, A. H. McConnell, S. J. Moore, Robert Kilgour, P. H. Burton, J. C. Copp, S. Morley Wickett, A. MacCallum, Miss FitzGibbon, Mrs. A.

E. Stevens, J. Macdonald Oxley, secretary.

The Commercial Travelers' Association concert on the evening of the 29th inst. promises to be the event of the season. Humor and good music will pervade everything. The most enjoyable evening's entertainment is promised to all who take this event in.

Friend—Your new heavy villain seems adapted to the role.

Theatrical Manager—Yes. He can pronounce the word "revenge" with fourteen r's and look it with thirty.



## A Clean House for New Year's

is the verdict in Bonnie Scotland. There would be "nae luck about the house" all the year if filth germs were allowed to reign supreme on this great holiday.

Remember there is nothing like a "Boeckh" Brush.

Your dealer can sell you

## BOECKH'S Brushes and Brooms

## SPECIAL SUNDAY EVENING SERMON

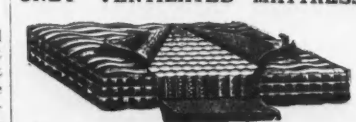
By Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A.

Unitarian Church, Jarvis St.

Dec. 27th—The New Thought of Prayer and Worship.

Unitarian Literature Free—Address, Secretary, 308 Jarvis Street.

## ONLY VENTILATED MATTRESS



FIT FOR A KING!!

"The Marshall Ventilated" is the only

PERFECTLY SANITARY COMFORTABLE SATISFACTORY

MATTRESS IN THE WORLD

It is a Royal Bed within the reach of every of ize. Send for descriptive circular.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.

325 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Factories—Toronto, Chicago, and London, England.

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

## Births

Van der Linde—At 101 Tyndall avenue, on Tuesday, December 22nd, the wife of Harold van der Linde, of a daughter.

Peters—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. George A. Peters, a daughter.

Van Nostrand—Dec. 12, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur J. Van Nostrand, a daughter.

Grant—Dec. 16, Richmond Hill, Mrs. Jas. A. Grant, a son.

Allen—Dec. 21, Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Allen, a daughter.

Walton—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. W. R. Walton, a son.

## Marriages

Walker—Somerville—Dec. 13, Buffalo, C. E. Clifford Walker to Irene Somerville.

Grant—Wade—Dec. 16, Orillia, Frederick

Grant to Constance Massey Hope Wade.  
Gundy—Berthold—Dec. 19, St. Louis, Mo., Samuel Bradley Gundy to Virginia Berthold.  
Sherbrooke—Anderson—Dec. 16, London, Ont., William E. Sherbrooke to Helen B. Anderson.  
Knight—Thompson—Dec. 16, Guelph, Perce Knight to Marion F. Thompson.

## Deaths

Tucker—At his residence, 163 Pearson avenue, on December 19th, 1903, James A. Tucker, assistant editor Toronto "Saturday Night," aged 32 years. Funeral took place from Parkdale C.P.R. station on December 21st for Owen Sound.  
Boyce—Dec. 15, Toronto, James Henry Boyce, late of the Indian Government Service (retired), aged 79 years.  
Blachford—Dec. 17, Toronto, William D. Blachford, aged 49 years.  
Rowand—Dec. 21, Toronto, Margaret Kincaid Rowand, aged 81 years.  
Thompson—Dec. 17, Emily Jane Thompson, aged 82 years.  
Smelle—Dec. 16, Hamilton, John Smelle, aged 75 years.

## W. H. STONE

UNDERTAKER

YONGE 343 STREET

Phone—Main 932

## J. YOUNG (Alec. Millard)

The Leading Undertaker

Phone 678. 355 YONGE STREET

## RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

## CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR

## HOLIDAY RATES

Territory Between all Stations in Canada, Fort Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Sarnia, Windsor and East, also to Detroit and Pt. Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Sup. Bridge and Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Rate and Limit Single First-Class Fare for the Round Trip  
Good going Dec. 24th and 25th valid returning until Dec. 28th; also good going Dec. 21st and Jan. 1st, valid returning until Jan. 4th, 1904.

Rate and Limit Single First-Class Fare and One-Third for the Round Trip  
Good going Dec. 23rd, 24th and 25th, also on Dec. 20th, 31st and Jan. 1st, valid returning until Jan. 5th, 1904.

For tickets and all information apply to Agents.

J. D. McDONALD,  
District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30 TO DECEMBER 1, 1904.

## For Christmas and New Year's Vacation

Will issue return tickets.

At Single First-Class Fare, good going Dec. 24, 25, valid for return until December 28, 1903. Good going December 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904, valid for return until January 4, 1904.

At First-Class Fare and One-Third, good going Dec. 23, 24 and 25, and December 30, 31, 1903, and January 1, 1904, good returning until January 5, 1904.

Between all stations in Canada, Fort Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and East, and TO BUT NOT FROM Buffalo, N.Y.

Through transcontinental train leaves Toronto at 4.45 p.m., daily for Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke and Vancouver.

First-class Sleepers Toronto to Winnipeg and the Coast. Unexcelled dining car service.

A. H. NOTMAN,

Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent, 1 King St. E., Toronto.